THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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Original Poetry.

THE BEREAVED MOTHER'S PRAYER.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY ELLA ELWOOD.

Father! in anguish I now kneel to Thee,
Oh look upon me with a pitying eye,
For he, the boy I have so fondly loved,
Is now, oh God! is now about to die.
Forgive me that I cannot give him up,
That yet I cannot say, "Thy will be done,"
For I am daughterless—a widow, too—
And he the dying is my only son.

Father! forsake me not, I am Thy child—
Long years ere this I sealed myself to Thee,
Trusting to find when storms and tempests came,
That Thou wouldst be a rock to shelter me.
Say has my trust been vain? Is my frail bark
Suffered to brave alone this angry wave?
If so, like Peter, fearful I exclaim,
Lord! I must perish if Thou wilt not save!

But even now a calm steals o'er my soul,
Oh can it be that Thou art drawing nigh!
It is, it must be so! Father I feel
Now willing that my little one should die.
Thy presence has dispelled the dark despair
That seiz'd mine inmost soul, when those dread words
"He cannot live," first fell upon my ear,
Piercing my heart like many edged swords.

And now I am at peace, contented, calm—
Ready to part with him, my all, for Thee;
But oh, my Father! there is yet one wish
I fain would breathe to Thee on bended knee.
I am a mother, with a mother's heart,
And I would offer up this prayer, that he,
The dying, may not suffer pain in death,
Lest this sweet calm I feel abandon me.

He sleeps, my prayer has hush'd him into rest;
Oh can it be his time has not yet come?
They told me if he slept all night be well,
Father! is he still spared to glad my home?
I'll take his pallid little hand in mine,
For oh methinks the weak pulse is grown strong;
The joy, the rapture I now feel 'tis sweet—
To speak my gratitude, oh God! I long.

But oh, this hand is cold, 'tis icy cold,
No pulse is here, if this be sleep 'tis strange,
But oh how beautiful, how like himself,
And on his marble brow there is no change
I trembling place my heart, my lips to his,
But wait in vain an answering thrill, a breath—
What doth it mean? It bursts upon me now—
Father! "Thy will be done," he sleeps in death!

January 1st, 1848.

Original Tales.

THE UNKNOWN LOVER.

TRANSLATED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FROM THE FRENCH OF JACOB,
BY MRS. ST. SIMON.

Madame Bontemps, wife of the first *valet de chambre* to the king, had been for some time a widow, without regretting her condition.

She was considered charming, nay adorable. A skin of surpassing whiteness, sparkling brown eyes, a small mouth, always smiling to display her pearly teeth, a slender waist, a full round form, limbs of the most perfect model, a foot like Cinderella's—such were the charms that were united in the person of this young and beautiful widow.

She was not yet thirty years of age, but proof against the temptations of love, and the seductive flatteries of her admirers, she had succeeded in closing her doors against a crowd of suitors, who paid their court to her for an object more or less interested, and declared plainly that she had abjured both love and marriage.

There was one gallant, however, who persisted in his designs, a certain Balthasar de Candal, a second cousin of the widow's, captain in a regiment of the French Guards, a dissolute fellow, ruined by debts and debauchery, capable of everything except a good thought or a good action. Immediately after the decease of M. Bontemps, he had offered himself as his successor, and had invited somewhat prematurely to the wedding, his fellow officers, the companions of his revels. The scornful refusals of his cousin did not shake him in his project, and without improving in his habits, he persevered with military rudeness in his pursuit, although Madame Bontemps, to rid herself of this importunate suitor, had forbidden him admission into her house. Whenever revel and gaming left him time, M. de Candal presented himself at her doors, but it was all in vain; he flew into a passion, threatened the porter and the servants, grew cool again, swore to espouse her whether she would or no, and then repaired to the gaming table or the tavern.

In 1767 the opera was, as at present, the diversion most in fashion, and Madame Bontemps often visited it.

One evening, at the moment when she left her box, the crowd which poured from the corridors and stairways, separated her from her lackey, and bore her onward with such violence as to cause her no little alarm; but her terror became greatly increased at the sight of a hideous face which seemed to have its eyes riveted upon her. This personage, however, was neither lame nor hump-backed, and his embroidered habit with its diamond buttons, showed that he had been treated more kindly by fortune than by nature. The small pox had furrowed and disfigured his gross, pale visage; a mouth without lips yawned beneath the place of an absent nose, and two red semicircles supplied his lost eyebrows; hair of the color of brick, surmounted a forehead seamed with a purple scar.

Madame Bontemps was near swooning at this apparition which stood motionless before her; almost stifled by the crowd, she uttered a cry, when, as if by enchantment, the throng which pressed against her was repulsed and borne backward, and she was enabled to rejoin her lackey, who escorted her to her carriage. Although the frightful visage had disappeared, yet she turned her head more than once in terror, but without perceiving this man, whose fearful image was stamped upon her remembrance—was it to be wondered that she dreamed of him for two nights?

She had entirely forgotten her adventure at the opera, when she received, by the post, a note for two thousand crowns, payable to the bearer, enclosed in a letter of the following purport:

"Madame, to have seen you is at once the greatest happiness and the greatest misfortune of my life, since I am doomed never to know you, lest I should incur your hatred. But henceforth I cannot live without seeing you; I shall follow you like an invisible genius, and all the joy that I can hope for here below will be from you alone. Have the great kindness to visit the opera as often as possible, and cast a glance of pity upon the orchestra as soon as you enter; this glance, however rapid and indifferent, will fill me with transport, and I will endeavor to content myself with it. The toilette adds greatly to female beauty; I shall be interested in everything which may enhance yours, and I will persuade myself that you belong to me; it is to aid this illusion that I beg you to accept two thousand crowns which I will transmit to you every month, as a token of my gratitude for the favor which you will render me.

"With undying attachment, I have the honor to be your most tender and devoted servant,

"THE CHEVALIER DE VERTUMNE."

Madame Bontemps was indignant at the receipt of this strange epistle, and but for the note which accompanied it, she would have accused M. de Candal of being its author. But the two thousand crowns were a sufficient proof that this contemplative lover was in earnest, and proposed a treaty of the most equivocal nature. She considered it as an attack upon her reputation, and attributed it to her discarded lovers, who thus avenged themselves of her coldness by preparing for her a snare; she placed the letter and the money in the hands of M. de Sartines, the lieutenant of the police, and gave great publicity to the insult, in order to obtain a striking reparation.

Still Madame Bontemps did not fail to frequent the opera, and her eyes glanced involuntarily towards the orchestra, in order to scrutinize those faces which, however, gave her no information as to the object of her search; on one occasion only she caught a glimpse, as she thought of the hideous Unknown, with embroidered habit and diamond buttons; but she had scarcely glanced upon him when he disappeared. Since this adventure, which was noised abroad through all Paris, Madame Bontemps became more circumspect in her conduct; she kept herself aloof from the few male friends whom she had hitherto preserved; and she allowed no one to enter her box at the opera, where she appeared dressed with great elegance and taste.

At the end of the month she received a second letter from the Chevalier de Vertumne, who reproached her tenderly for having injured her reputation by a step which had caused so needless scandal; he thanked her for having minutely observed his wishes, the only ones which he ventured to form, and he begged her to continue her favors. Ten thousand crowns accompanied this request, which was expressed in terms of the most timid politeness. Two lines at the end of the letter as postscript, requested her to think of *a certain person* every evening upon retiring to bed. On this occasion she tore the letter, and put the money in her portfolio.

One evening on returning from the Royal Academy of Music, her lackey had stopped at a tavern, and the coachman, half drunk, urged his horses to a gallop, and at hap-hazard. Madame Bontemps, who was covered with jewels, did not observe that they were driving through the deserted streets which border upon the Champs-Elysées, and that the lamps of the carriage scarcely lighted the way in the gloomy December night; she mused upon the triumphs which her beauty had obtained over all her rivals, and enumerated her conquests; the echo of the music still sounded in her soul, and with all her senses still captive, she called up in her imagination, a handsome, mysterious young man in the orchestra, now dark, now fair, sighing, pallid, trembling, with his eyes fixed upon her.

Suddenly, a harsh voice cries to the coachman "Stop!" The coachman lashes his horses, but the carriage remains motionless. "Madame, they are robbers!" he said, in a lamentable tone. In an instant the door was thrown open, two armed hands appeared, and two coarse faces, distorted by a malicious laugh, were seen grinning by the reflection of their poignards.

"Wretches! cowards! would you attack a woman?" exclaimed a passer by, who had drawn his sword, and was now thrusting at the assailants.

The clash of steel lasted but for a moment; the heavy fall of two bodies and deep groans announced the conclusion of a fatal combat. Madame Bontemps, who was on the point of swooning, leaned out at the window, and beheld a dead man and another stretched wounded upon the pavement; but her deliverer had fled, as promptly as the third assailant, who held the heads of the horses. The coachman, still pale with affright, said that at the moment when the robbers had stopped the carriage, a man had attacked them so suddenly that they had not time to defend themselves. Madame Bontemps naturally attributed her rescue to the Chevalier de Vertumne, and she was surprised that he did not find the present a favorable occasion for laying aside his incognito. Her vanity was not less piqued than her curiosity.

She did not destroy the third letter which she received, but read it repeatedly with considerable emotion.

She then for the first time asked herself the cause of this mystery. To judge from the richness of his gifts, and the style of his epistles, this, so called, Chevalier de Vertumne must be a man of quality; but if he were in possession of youth, fortune and rank, why choose so singular an expedient at the risk of being misjudged and repulsed at the outset. As to the conditions necessary to a lover, such as wit and beauty, she conferred them upon him most liberally, and she would sooner have imagined him the son of a hangman or an assassin, than to have attributed to him features that were vulgar or displeasing; she loved him already as though he were a deity, concealed in the clouds. Still she was obliged to keep a sentinel at her door, both night and day, to secure herself against her indefatigable cousin of the French Guards.

She made it a point to attend every representation at the opera, and invariably to cast a kind glance at the orchestra; at times, she even forgot the opera and the ballet to abandon herself to her reveries; a charming phantom appeared incessantly before her, a phantom which she had conjured up with all the qualities which could embellish a being, unhappily merely ideal. It was a contest of love and prudery; but love was sure to gain the predominance as soon as the Chevalier de Vertumne should appear in person to decide the victory.

One morning, while Madame Bontemps was reading the last letter from her chevalier, a notary entered her boudoir, followed by a clerk and an advocate; they were all dressed in black, as if for a funeral, all were still more melancholy in mien and visage. Since the loss of her husband, who had left a fortune somewhat impaired and embarrassed by an endless law-suit, she had confided in the skill of her lawyers, and had not even listened to the echo of the judicial proceedings, which were to decide a cause of such importance to her.

"Madame," said the notary, with the polite and oratorical preliminaries, which generally precede the announcement of unpleasant tidings, "alas, madame! these gentlemen and myself have just come from the *Palais*, where your suit has been decided before the upper chamber."

"Well, sir," interrupted Madame Bontemps, wearied with these details of chicanery, "speak of these things to my intendant."

"Alas, madame," replied the notary, in a still more pitiable tone, "you have lost your suit without recourse or appeal, with damages and interest; the whole amounting to three hundred thousand crowns, to meet which, it will be necessary to sell your chateau of Maubois, your lands in Normandy, your house in the city, nay, even your furniture and jewels."

"What, sir? it is impossible!" cried the widow, stupified and trembling. "M. Bontemps left me, at his death, an income of more than fifty thousand livres, without including the pensions due from the royal treasury, and within less than two years, I have lost all—"

"I am distressed, madame," replied the notary, "but the truth is, that when all expenses are paid, there will remain little or nothing of your fortune, for your real estate cannot be sold to advantage, under legal process, and the expenses already amount to a large sum."

"The lackey of the Chevalier de Vertumne, desires to be admitted to madame's presence at once," said a valet who now entered.

In Madame Bontemps's critical situation, she could not fail to look upon a message from her guardian angel as a good omen; she at once gave admittance to the lackey, who was clothed in black livery; he held in his hands a rich casket of perfumed wood, bordered with steel, and so heavy that she nearly dropped it as she received it. This casket, which she opened with anxious hope, was filled with *rouleaux* of louis and with notes upon the Hotel de Ville. She blushed at the sight of this treasure thus offered her, hesitated for a moment on account of the presence of witnesses, and at last resolved to read a letter which the casket contained, bearing her address, and in a hand with which she was well acquainted.

"Madame, I have just learned the decision which the upper chamber has rendered against you; I have thought this a good occasion to prove to you who are your friends. I will acknowledge that I was tempted to appear in person, in order to place at your feet all that I possess, but I feared lest my presence might prevent you from receiving—I will not say a gift, a loan, but alas! a debt that I contracted when I attached myself to you, and consecrated my miserable life to your service. Pardon me for my foolish illusions; they are the only happiness to which I can lay claim. I have hoped that you might give to me a thought in which hatred has no part; I have hoped that your eyes might seek me perhaps—oh, may they never encounter me, for then nothing would remain for me, but to die of grief, for all harmony between our hearts would be broken. I must confine my wishes to seeing you without being seen, to loving you without being loved; yet remember, that wherever you are, there I am; remember that my blood is ready to flow, whenever you command it.

"YOUR CHEVALIER."

The lackey, in obedience doubtless to his master's orders, had disappeared, while Madame Bontemps, with tears in her eyes, and emotion in her heart, finished reading the letter. She then ran to the window, and beheld a plain black carriage, dash down the street, at full speed; she returned, and seated herself, wiping away the tears which joy and gratitude had forced from her eyes.

"Messieurs," she said, with an air of indifference, addressing the individuals who were waiting in respectful silence for her answer, "I do not see the necessity of selling my lands and my hotel—I will keep my jewels, if you please; draw up the amount of my debts; I have sent for this money to satisfy the claims of my creditors. As to the lost suit, I will not resume it, and I will direct my intendant to liquidate all claims upon my fortune."

After this striking proof of devotion, the Chevalier de Vertumne held himself aloof, although gratitude would have supplied the place of love in the heart of Madame Bontemps, and the beautiful widow would have accepted the six hundred thousand livres, as the anticipated dowry of a future marriage.

One evening, after returning from the opera, where her glances had carefully scanned the spectators in the orchestra, she hastened to throw aside her feathers, her laces, her rich dress, and dismissed her women, in order to enjoy a *tete a tete* with her invisible lover, before seeking in sleep the dreams which supplied his place.

She was in the habit every evening of writing to him whom she knew only by his signal services, and his enigmatical letters. The pen is bolder than the tongue, and besides, this correspondence would never reach the person addressed, this correspondence, which grew daily more familiar, more affectionate; love finds nurture in itself.

She had scarcely taken her seat at her secretary when a burst of laughter resounded behind her, and a man rushed from the alcove, in which he had kept himself concealed. M. de Candal had bribed one of his cousin's waiting women, and with her aid he had penetrated into the apartment, firmly resolved not to leave it, until he had obtained a promise of marriage.

The wine, of which he had freely drunk, stimulated his violence, and he had counted also upon the revenues of Madame Bontemps to pay his debts and to regild his tarnished escutcheon. His attempt seemed in his eyes as gallant as it was certain of success. He had dressed himself as if for a parade, his hair was powered, his hat set jauntily awry, his uniform new, and his attitude military; he advanced like a conqueror, and saluted the dame with his hand placed upon the hilt of his sword.

Madame Bontemps, more surprised than terrified at seeing in her apartment the man who had so openly announced his designs upon her, rose with an air of dignity, without uttering a word, or betraying the slightest sign of emotion, and walked toward the bell, but M. de Candal, aware of her intention, intercepted her, and seized her by the arm, with the assurance of a man who is sensible of the advantages of his position. Casting upon him a glance of scorn and anger, she said, in a haughty tone.

"M. de Candal, the steadfastness with which I have refused to receive your visits, should have taught you that your presence here is disagreeable to me. What could have prompted this audacity to introduce yourself into my house at night? Begone, sir, or I shall be compelled to have you turned out by my domestics!"

"My dear cousin, I will not go, and you will not call your domestics," replied the captain of the French Guards, "you are caught!"

"Do not insult me, sir! I would gladly spare you the treatment which you deserve, because of the relationship which you disgrace; but if you were discovered here, what would be thought of me?"

"'*Sarpejeu!*' it would be thought that you had not chosen your man so badly, '*gallant in war, gallant in love*,' as the song says. Besides, they would think nothing about it, for to-morrow you will espouse me by right of conquest. I shall, therefore, treat you henceforth, as though you were Madame de Candal."

"Insolent! I forget the feeling of indulgence which restrained me, and I will summon my domestics to chastise you for your impudence, sir captain."

"If you have a fancy to call your domestics, I will first call those whom I have invited to our betrothal, my charming cousin."

With these words M. de Candal drew Madame Bontemps to the window, which he threw open with a great noise, and dragging her upon the balcony, which projected from the second story, he showed her the street full of uniforms and drawn swords. Shouts of applause hailed the captain's appearance, who held his victim in his arms, half swooning, and trembling with silent indignation. Bursts of laughter followed the shouts.

"Madame," said M. de Candal, waving his hand in token of thanks to his companions, "these are the officers of my regiment, whom I have assembled to witness my good fortune. To-morrow they will relate what they have seen, unless, *sarpejeu!* you give me a written promise of marriage."

"M. de Candal," whispered Madame Bontemps, endeavoring to escape from the terrible scene, "you are a coward! if I had a brother or a lover to defend me, you would never have dared to attack my reputation in this shameful manner. For mercy's sake, send away those drunken soldiers!"

"My friends, have you seen enough?" cried the captain, confident of the success of his stratagem; "am I not really the betrothed of my cousin?"

The officers sheathed their swords, and retired, reeling down the street, which re-echoed with their bacchanalian songs. M. de Candal, no longer doubtful of his triumph, which had been purchased at the expense of a woman's honor, closed the window, and placed Madame Bontemps upon a sofa, where she lay drowned in tears, her bosom heaving with heavy sobs; he kneeled before her in derision, and kissed her hands with a scornful laugh.

"*Sarpejeu!* charming cousin," he said, in a tone of conjugal authority, "to-morrow you will be my wife."

"I cannot credit such baseness and cowardice; yes, sir, cowardice, for I have no means to defend or avenge myself! Beware, M. de Candal, you will rue this deed; I know one who would defend and will avenge me."

"Is it a lover, fair cousin? *Sarpejeu!* I am glad to hear it. I will slay him without mercy, unless you sign upon the spot, a formal promise of marriage. We are cousins already, and half the road is travelled toward wedlock; let us draw up the contract; how much in rents, lands, houses? One hundred thousand crowns? Bah! three hundred thousand? Perhaps a million?"

At this moment a pane of the balcony window was broken, and although no one was visible without, a hand holding a drawn sword appeared through the opening left by the broken glass. Madame Bontemps uttered a cry, and concealed her face in her hands. M. de Candal looked upon it as a jest played by one of the officers of his regiment.

"A man of courage never insults a woman," said a voice, breathless with rage. "You have hoped to go unpunished, coward,—you have basely counted upon the number of your accomplices, but you shall be chastised, and without profiting by your effrontery. Come, Candal, if you are worthy to wear a sword! Come, and meet him who awaits you! Miserable wretch, death summons you!"

"You or me!" cried the captain, irritated at this insult. Then observing the air of anxiety which appeared upon the features of Madame Bontemps, he said, "Ha! ha! madame, you had a lover, but that did not prevent you from taking a husband. *Sarpejeu!* is this your virtue? I will relate the adventure to-morrow, when I have despatched the fellow."

"*Mon dieu!* M. de Candal, you terrify me!" cried Madame Bontemps, detaining him, "I declare to you that I do not know him, that I have never seen him! But, for heaven's sake, avoid this encounter! Fly! do not harm him!"

"I will not even inflict a scratch upon him, if you wish it, on condition that you will espouse me, and settle all your property upon me in the contract."

"Will you come, Candal?" cried the threatening voice, while the sword revolved in the air, as if seeking an invisible enemy. "Must I call you coward to your face? Must I buffet you, and spit upon you, to compel from you the satisfaction which I demand? Come, then, if you are not the vilest and most abject of men! It is a combat to the death between us, and your comrades are waiting for you at Ramponeau's."

"*Sarpejeu!* he is right! duty before pleasure. Sheath your rapier, sir lover, and prepare for something else than breaking windows."

"Do not go! I will not suffer it! Listen, M. de Candal! he is a madman! he will slay you!"

"Adieu, madame, I give you time for reflection. Espouse me to silence scandal, and *sarpejeu!* whoever says that you had a lover before your second husband, I will crop his ears. I come, sir chevalier!"

M. de Candal disappeared through the window, and when Madame Bontemps hurried towards it to recall him, she beheld him beneath the balcony where he was joined by a man, who reproached him in a tone of violence. They departed together without discontinuing their altercation, and the unknown turned towards the balcony, and waved his hand as if sending her a kiss. Overcome by a thousand emotions, the chief of which was fear for the safety of her invisible lover, she fell senseless upon the balcony.

It was near morning when she recovered her consciousness. She arose pale and chilly, with her hair floating about her shoulders, and her robe scarcely fastened about her form. The events of the past night seemed like a dream. A knocking was now heard at her chamber door, and a letter was handed her which a lackey had just brought, urgently requesting that it might be placed in her hands at once. She broke the seal of the letter mechanically, and read as follows:

"Madame, you are avenged. M. de Campan is dead; he died repenting of his crime. I am happy that my life has served to preserve your honor, but may I be permitted to implore the only recompense which I can hope for here below? I beg you, if the fate of an unhappy being who loves you, excites a feeling of generous sympathy in your soul, I entreat you to grant me an hour, a last hour of your presence, which will console me for all my sufferings. The carriage which I send will conduct you to me, if you will deign to trust yourself to the honor of a dying man.

"THE CHEVALIER DE VERTUMNE."

Madame Bontemps dropped the letter from her hands in dismay; her bosom throbbed violently, her eyes were filled with tears; she now felt the vehemence of her passion for a being who had revealed himself to her by benefits alone, and who had not sought an interview until the hour when he was about to breathe his last. She did not hesitate for a moment; she stifled her grief, and was about to set out at once, without thinking of the condition of her apparel, disturbed as it was by the terrible scenes of the past night. Her waiting woman—the one who had betrayed her to M. de Candal,—now entered, and repaired the disorder of her hair and garments. Overwhelmed by a vague feeling of despair, Madame Bontemps hurried from the house, entered a black carriage which was stationed before her door, and was driven rapidly through the still deserted streets of the city.

The carriage entered the court of a large dwelling, and several domestics in black livery descended the winding stairs to meet her; she followed her guides in silence, and after having crossed several apartments, all furnished with princely splendor, she was ushered into a sleeping chamber, where the closed lattice scarcely admitted the faint light of day.

Garments stained with blood, and a sword lay in one corner; two men of grave air and apparel were occupied, the one in writing, the other in preparing bandages; they were the notary and the surgeon.

"Is it she?" inquired a faint voice proceeding from a bed, concealed by thick curtains. "Oh, it is well!" responded the voice, after a reply in the affirmative. "Madame, I may not have the strength to dictate, if I delay it for many moments; I wish to conclude an important transaction with this gentleman."

He then slowly dictated to the notary, as follows: "I give and bequeath irrevocably to Madame Bontemps, widow of the first *valet de chambre* of the King of France all my property, both personal and real, whether in Paris or in Germany. I desire that the said dame shall be my sole legatee, as a token of the affection which I have always felt towards her."

"Oh, sir, I cannot accept it!" cried the widow, bursting into tears, and approaching the bed, "no, you can live! you will live! And what have I done to merit such a mark of attachment? I do not know you, yet I wish only to know you. I refuse the gift which you offer me; I am already your debtor for a large sum; live, that I may repay the debt I owe you!"

"Madame, these words are sweet to me, coming from your lips; but, I repeat it, this is my testament; my wound is mortal, I feel it."

The surgeon bowed his head in token of assent, and Madame Bontemps sank upon an arm-chair, and buried her face in her hands. The dying man signed his testament with an effort, and then returning it to the notary, he requested to be left alone with Madame Bontemps. A moment's silence ensued, interrupted by broken sighs from the latter; a sound of weeping was heard also behind the curtains.

"Oh, sir, say that you will not die! You do not know the power of love over a woman's soul! You love me, you say—I believe it, for I return this love; why should I conceal it from you? Yes, I love you, sir, and my heart is a warrant for my hand."

"Oh, madame, if my wound were not mortal, your kindness would heal it. Say once more that you love me, but do not approach me, I conjure you; my incognito can cease only with my life—she loves me, and I am dying! If I had but a day, an hour! She loves me!"

"I should be most ungrateful, were I insensible to the delicacy of your affection. You have saved my life and my honor; to you I owe my fortune, there is but one price for so much generosity, and I offer it to you—it is my heart, my hand. Your wound will heal in time with care, tender cares—"

"I repeat it; I am dying! Dearest madame and friend, I did not presume upon such happiness—to be loved by you, and to hear it from your lips!"

"But now, may I not see your face? There is balm in the glance of a woman that one loves. I wish to look upon your face, and say that I love you."

"No, not yet, never! you would no longer love me! Well, yes! in a moment! Joy has killed me—loved by her! Now, look upon me!"

Madame Bontemps shuddered as she heard a prolonged sigh; she drew aside the curtains that were no longer held by a convulsive hand, gazed and beheld with horror, a face frightfully hideous and deformed, upon which death had cast a ghastly paleness. It was the monster whom she had encountered one evening on leaving the opera. She wept over him still, but she durst not gaze upon him a second time.

She reared a mausoleum to his memory, and often passed long hours upon her knees before the tomb of a man who had so tenderly loved her.

The *Gazette de France* on the following Monday announced the decease of the Prince of Wissembourg, "Who had dwelt in Paris for several years," said the editor, "and who lived in strict retirement on account of the horrible deformities of his person."

Original Poetry.

THE CAPTIVE EAGLE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY NEMO.

[The incident related in the following poem was an actual occurrence—the author being an eye witness.]

Long since, when, from his eyrie home,
He sought the downward vale,
To soar above its golden fields,
And scent its fragrant gale,
Undreaming of his secret foe,
The fatal bullet hied,
And fluttering, to the earth he fell,
One pinion from his side.
Then caged, they strove with skill and care,
The noble bird to tame;
To wean him from the towering hills
And skies, from whence he came.

But vain were all the many arts
His captors plied with care;
His talons furious sought the hand,
That brought his daily fare.
When strangers came, with eager eyes,
To look upon the *show*,
He shrieked, as will the savage, when
He meets his deadly foe.
No art could conquer him, the free
And proud king of the air;
Like olden conquerors, captive made,
He drooped in stern despair.

One day, when accident had left
His cage bars fastened slight,
He slipped between them, unconfined,
And spread his wing for flight.
Alas! he had but *one*, or they
Had seen him nevermore;
He strove with that—and oh! what screams
As still he tried to soar!
Then finding all his efforts vain,
He leaped from height to height,
Till from the loftiest point he reached
His old haunts flashed in sight!

Oh! had you seen that eagle then
With motionless intent,
Gazing upon the far blue hills,
Where his young years were spent—
Or had you heard that piercing scream,
As his proud breast he tore,
And saw how fearfully he yearned
To sweep the skies once more;
You would have squandered Peru's wealth
To give him back his wing—
To see him cleave his native clouds
The happiest living thing!

Independence, Pa.

Scenes in Mexico.

THE JAGUAR HUNTER.

The pioneer settlers in the Southern States of America are often exposed to danger from the attacks of wild animals. This is more particularly the case in approaching the tropical regions. The squatters of Texas relate many fearful tales of conflicts with panthers and wolves. In the States of the Mexican union, however, the ferocious jaguar, or South American tiger, is met with, which commits fearful ravages among the numerous herds of cattle and horses, from the breeding and sale of which many large proprietors derive a princely income. I was once staying for a few weeks at one of these estates, where a jaguar had for some time kept the whole establishment in alarm, and escaped all attempts made for its destruction. At last, on the return of a hunter who had been absent on a distant expedition, all apprehension as to further annoyances ceased; for such were the courage and skill of the new-comer in attacking these animals, as to have gained for him the name of Bermudes *el Matasiete*, or "Killer-of-Seven." On the night following his arrival, he invited me to join him in watching for the intruder, and appointed the rendezvous at the *Ojo de Agua*, a fountain at the foot of a slope stretching gradually away till it met the forest.

Soon after sunset I strolled towards the place agreed on. A tall cedar stood near the fountain, its lower branches dipping into the water as it bubbled away to the bottom of the valley. Behind the cedar rose the knotty trunks of a group of mahogany-trees, interspersed with flowery sumachs. On the opposite side, a little glade was formed by a cluster of ash-trees, at the entrance of which I found the hunter lying at his ease upon the grass, enjoying the coolness after the extreme heat of the day, with his blue-barrelled rifle at his side. I congratulated him on the choice of so picturesque a site for the rendezvous. "I am delighted," he replied with a smile, the whole meaning of which I did not at first comprehend, "that the place is to your taste, but you will see before long that it is better chosen than you think."

We had not long been seated when a second hunter appeared, a tall Canadian, his rifle in one hand, and leading a lame colt by the other. After exchanging a few words with Bermudes, he tied the limping animal to the stem of the cedar by a long and strong cord, and then came to sit down by our side on the moss. I was at a loss to understand the object of these preparations, and of the fires which had been kindled in various directions. On questioning the Mexican, he rose, and conducting me to the edge of the fountain, showed me several formidable footprints in the damp soil. "Those marks," he continued, "were made yesterday—of that I am certain. The jaguar, therefore, has not drunk for twenty-four hours, and for twenty leagues round there is not a drop of water but what is here on the estate. The fires yonder will scare the animal in that quarter; while thirst and the scent of the colt will certainly bring him here in the course of this night."

The logic of this reasoning appeared to me irresistible; and I found myself, quite unarmed, suddenly transformed into a tiger hunter. At first I thought my best course would be to make a quiet retreat; a mixture of curiosity and self-esteem, however, induced me to stay. The Canadian was stretched at full length on the bank, snoring loudly. Bermudes beckoned me to sit down by his side, and to pass away the time, gave me an account of his numerous adventures. As we had yet four hours to wait before the animal could be expected to make his appearance, I sat patiently listening, while the hunter went on with his tale. For an hour no other sound save that of his voice and the loud breathing of the sleeper disturbed the silence. All at once the colt started and reared in alarm, and the dry bushes crackled with so dismal a sound, that I could not repress a shudder. "Did you not hear a howl?" I inquired of Bermudes, who shook his head and laughed as he answered, "When you have once, only once, heard a tiger's roar, you will never again be likely to mistake it for the humming of mosquitos. In a few hours you will be as well instructed on this point as I am."

It was a false alarm: all became quiet as before, while the hunter continued the history of his exploits. But a second interruption followed; the colt began to utter a cry between a shriek and a moan. "Is it mosquitos this time," I asked, "that so terrifies the poor animal?"

"Probably not," rejoined Bermudes. "Listen!"

"Hold—look yonder!" I said, pointing to a young poplar that rose above the surrounding trees; "it is not the wind which shakes that tree while all the others are motionless."

"It is the jaguar," said the hunter after a pause. "At present he is playing the brave, but his hour is not yet come; and for the moment he is more afraid than you are. Do not think, however," he pursued, "that tiger-shooting has no dangers. You will be able to judge how much another hour without drinking will have exasperated the animal. I have seen many a brave man turn pale at their frightful roar."

Having expressed my uneasiness at being unarmed, my companion promised to furnish me with a weapon when the fitting moment should arrive, and resumed his recital where he had left off. But as the night grew darker, the interruptions became more frequent, and by and by a distant growl was heard, followed by a plaintive and menacing howl. "I was mistaken," said the hunter, coming to a pause; "instead of one tiger there are two. Males never attack in company; and should it be male and female, we shall have a double warning, for Providence, which has given a rattle to the most dangerous of serpents to announce its approach, has also given to wild animals eyes that glisten in the night, and roaring voices to proclaim their attack."

This assertion was far from agreeable, but the danger was still distant; the moment had not yet come when thirst makes these animals forget the involuntary dread which they have of the presence of man. All was again quiet in the woods, those gloomy depths were thrown into shadow by the moonlight. The Canadian had risen from the grass, and leaned drowsily against the tree, smoking a short pipe, with his rifle between his knees. I had learned enough of the course of the stars to know that the hour was at hand for which we had so long been watching. Bermudes again spoke:—"It is time now to think of you," he said. "Do you not perceive that the silence becomes more and more profound around us, and that the odor of the plants has almost changed? Under the influence of the night they exhale a new perfume.—When you have lived longer in the desert, you will learn that each hour of the day, as well as of the night, has its peculiar signification. At each hour, as one voice becomes silent, another makes itself heard. At present ferocious beasts salute the darkness, as to-morrow the birds will salute the dawn. We are near the hour when man loses the imposing influence of his look—at night his eye becomes dim, while that of wild animals brightens and pierces the deepest gloom: man is the king of day, but the jaguar is king of darkness."

After uttering these words with a grave emphasis, the hunter rose, and fetching a bundle from the place where it had been deposited, unrolled two sheepskins covered with their wool, and, drawing his knife from its sheath, observed, "You see your arms!"

"And what, in the name of wonder, do you expect me to do with that?" I inquired. "I hoped at least for a rifle."

Bermudes proceeded to explain that, on such an occasion, a rifle could be intrusted to those only who were sure of their aim. "You will roll these skins round your left arm," he continued, "and take the knife in your right hand; then you put your right knee to the ground, and rest your protected arm upon the left knee. In this manner the arm defends your head and body, while your stomach will be shielded by the knee; for tigers have an ugly having of trying to disembowel their enemy with a stroke of their paw. If you are attacked, you present your arm, and while the animal's tusks are buried in the wool, you rip him up from flank to shoulder with one plunge of the knife."

"All that appears to me incontestable," was my answer; "but I would rather hope that two hunters such as you will not miss your tiger. For my part, I shall hunt, as you call it, with my hands in my pockets; that will be more original."

Failing the armour of sheepskins, the hunter urged me to take the knife, which I accepted. The two associates then primed their rifles, and we waited without exchanging a word. The lower part of the forest was now in profound darkness, while the little space around the fountain was brilliantly illuminated. We were sheltered by the drooping branches of a large mangrove, forming a kind of natural arch. Twenty paces in front reclined the colt, whose instinct was to be the hunters' guide. Presently I saw the animal raise its head with evident signs of uneasiness, which were soon after succeeded by broken cries of terror, and efforts, to escape from its fastenings. These attempts being useless, it remained trembling in every limb; a breath of terror seemed to pervade the atmosphere. All at once a cavernous roar from the neighboring heights pealed in echoes through the woods; the colt hid its head in the grass. A deep silence followed: the two hunters crept from the shelter, and I heard the double click as they cocked their rifles.

An instant after, a terrible roar again burst upon our ears; a form of light colored darted through the air upon the colt, which had crouched down in terror; there was a noise of crashing bones, followed instantaneously by the report of Bermudes's rifle.

"Your knife!" he cried to his companion, who was preparing to fire. "Look up; that is for you!"

I turned my eyes in the direction indicated by Matasiete, as he took the Canadian's knife. High up among the branches of the cedar I saw two large eye-balls shining like burning coals, watching all our movements: it was the second jaguar, whose tail was lashing the foliage, and beating off the dried moss from the branches in showers. The Canadian stood motionless, with his eye fixed upon the two fierce-gleaming lights in the tree. Meantime the wounded jaguar sprang at one leap close to Bermudes, where the moonlight showed the furious animal. The blood was streaming from one of his legs, shattered by the ball. Collecting himself for a last rush, the animal lowered his head, beat the air, and howled in fury; his blazing eyes seemed to expand to twice their ordinary size. Bermudes stood, self-possessed, on the defensive, holding his knife forwards. At length the tiger leaped; but his muscles were weakened by the wound, and the hunter, stepping aside, buried his knife in the monster's heart as he fell; there was a terrible yell—a struggle of agony—and then all was over.

"Whether or no," exclaimed the brave Matasiete, "there is a skin badly torn, to say nothing of my own," at the same time showing his arm lacerated by a long gash. He had scarcely finished, when a second roar was heard in the direction of the cedar: it was answered by the report of a rifle: a noise of rending branches, followed by a heavy fall, announced the skill of a practised marksman. The Canadian had aimed between the glowing eyes. When the two hunters, going round to the other side of the spring, had found the body, their shouts of triumph gave me to understand that the Canadian's accurate eye had not been deceived. It was not without a feeling of compassion that I approached another victim of the slayers and slain—the dead colt. The poor animal lay stretched upon the grass; a bleeding wound at the back of the head, and another on its nose, showed where the tiger's claws had fallen; the complete fracture of the vertebræ of the neck proved death to have been instantaneous. Already cold and rigid, the first jaguar lay near: I measured it with my eye, but at a distance, when the two others arrived dragging the female, whose skull had been shattered by the ball: this time, at least, the skin was unbroken.

Bermudes complimented me on my courage, in what he persisted in calling tiger-hunting. I, however, disclaimed anything like bravery. The hunters seemed disposed to pass the night near the booty which they had so well earned; and preferring the open air to my close chamber, I agreed to keep them company if they would light a fire. My wish was soon gratified; we stretched ourselves on the moss near the blazing wood, and before many minutes had elapsed, were sound asleep.

On awaking the next morning, I found the two companions with their shirt sleeves tucked up to the elbow, and stained arms, busily engaged in flaying the two jaguars. When they had completed their task, which was performed with the dexterity acquired by long practice in similar operations, they threw the skins over their shoulders, and we all took the way to our original quarters, where our arrival was hailed with prolonged congratulations. Bermudes and his comrade received the usual reward of ten dollars for each skin; and the "Killer-of-Seven" would now have to add another number to his surname.

Pictures of Life.

LOVE'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

A TRUE TALE.

Near the large village of M——, in the county of Cork, there resided, some years since, a wealthy gentleman named Arden, whose only daughter and sole heiress was, at the time of which we speak, near her sixteenth year, having been educated in the seclusion of her father's house, by a governess of rigid principles, she was as little acquainted with the world as it is possible to imagine a young lady of her age to be.

Happy would it have been for her had she been earlier taught the value of men's vows, and the danger that threatens the peace of mind of those who place too fond a reliance upon them: indeed, we might remark, *en passant*, the error into which too many guardians of the young fall, in keeping them so completely secluded, as to render them unfit, on their entrance into the world, to cope with the evils that surround them; they look upon it either as filled with care and snares, from which there is no escape, or trusting and believing all, they find themselves and their young hopes wrecked.

On a lovely day in June, 18—, a detachment of the — regiment marched into the town of M——, and, in the course of that and the following day, the officers were waited upon by most of the gentry of the neighborhood;—among the rest, by Mr. Arden, who piqued himself on the preservation of that hospitality for which his ancestors and their compeers were so famous.

One of the officers in command, was a young man named Walter L——, the son of a younger brother of a good family, whose whole fortune was his pay; unless, indeed, being of the weaker sex, we include a tall and handsome figure, fine blue eyes, and noble features, relieved from the charge of effeminacy by the hue of bronze that overspread them; an ardent sportsman, he soon became a favorite of Mr. Arden's, and a constant guest at his house, where, of course, he frequently met Louise, and, being also a draughtsman, his society soon became as agreeable to her as to her father, and he her constant companion in her walks and rides; together they sketched many of the lovely views of the charming neighborhood; and though he never spoke of love, nothing was wanting on his part to win the favor of the fair and wealthy girl; and, as the sequel will show, with too much success.

Some months passed in this manner, when a rumor was circulated that the regiment was ordered on foreign service, and at the thought of parting, all else was forgotten. Walter declared his affection, was hesitatingly accepted by the daughter, and indignantly rejected by the father, who, while reminding him of his poverty and his position as a subaltern in a marching regiment, termed him "a presumptuous fortune hunter;" enraged by this treatment, he rushed from the house, and on reaching his quarters, found the route had already arrived. The regiment was ordered to proceed to Cork, whence it was to embark for Madras; he now wrote to Mr. Arden, entreating permission to take leave of his daughter—the answer to which was his own note unopened; but, accompanied by the few gifts, (principally drawings from the surrounding scenery,) she had formerly accepted. Many were the attempts he made to obtain a parting look from her (the believed) he fondly loved. We will leave him to pursue his voyage to the land of which so much is written, and, at the name of which, such glorious visions arise of all that is splendid and luxurious, some of which fall far, far short of the reality, (even though dimmed by the dismal reverse of want of health, that greatest of human blessings,) and follow the future steps of the loving, devoted Louise.

Never having known grief, the frantic excess of passion alarmed her father, who at last decided upon placing her temporarily in a convent, a few miles from her home; trusting that quiet, seclusion, and above all, the reasoning of the sisters on the folly of all earthly attachments, would restore her once more to peace of mind, and eradicate all thoughts of her banished lover. Lamentably was he mistaken! for a fortnight only had elapsed, when one morning, the gate being unguarded, our heroine passed through and found herself on the road to Cork. We dare not occupy the space necessary to detail the manner in which she accomplished her wishes and arrival in that city, in time to find that the vessel had already sailed with her Ulysses. With an energy wonderful in one of her age, sex and former habits, she purchased the habiliments of a sailor boy, stained her face, hands and throat; and having passed to Liverpool, presented herself to the captain of a ship about sailing for Madras; and strange to relate, was engaged as his cabin boy.

Behold our heroine now transformed into that ill-used specimen of humanity—a sailor boy. The captain with whom chance had thrown her, and was accompanied by his wife, was far more lenient than usual; and although, of course, unaware of her disguise, allowed her many privileges, among the greatest of which was that of being permitted to convert the bottom of the table to the purposes of a dormitory. For three months she fulfilled the duties of her new station, and preserved her secret inviolable; the ship laboring under a heavy sea, her foot slipped, and she fell, with a cry of pain so feminine, as to astonish all who heard it. Raising her, they found her ankle sprained; and while it was dressed, the agony it caused was sufficient to throw her off her guard, and she found herself compelled to reveal the deception she had practiced, and acknowledge the sex other than she seemed. Every attention was paid to her by the kind-hearted captain and his wife; the latter, although blaming her for the steps she had taken, participating warmly in the feelings of the devoted girl.

A few more weeks witnessed their arrival in Madras, and Louise, with an indescribable mingling of feelings, found herself within sight of the haven of all her hopes: she pictured to herself the delight of their meeting; already in imagination heard his ardent thanks for so unheard-of a proof of devotion; and with a buoyancy of temperament for which she was remarkable, appeared to have forgotten the past, and to be totally unaware of the impropriety of the steps she had taken, further than as an instance of disobedience towards her father, of whose pardon she assured herself.

On anchoring in the Madras Roads, the captain proceeded on shore; and returning soon after, announced that the regiment was still at Madras, that he had written to Lieutenant, now Captain L——, stating the circumstances, and requesting his presence at the agent's office, at a certain hour on the following day. The morning came after a sleepless night to Louise, and passing the surf in a Messallah boat, she reached Madras, and there awaited the arrival of him she loved. The time passed; but soon after she heard the approach of footsteps, and found herself in the presence of her lover; but how different the meeting to what she anticipated. Shall I described it, or close our story truly and succinctly, in the words of the poet?

"Man is inconstant ever;
One foot on sea, and one on shore—
To one thing constant never."

Where were all her brilliant hopes of happiness? where her delightful anticipations? when the words, "How could you have acted so imprudently," reached her as the first salutation from the lips that had formerly breathed words only of love; and even they, not in the onset of fond reproach for the perils and trials she had undergone, but of cool and deliberate vexation. Her senses reeled, a dizziness passed before her, and she fell senseless. On her recovery, which did not take place for some hours, the following note was handed to her by the captain; who, imagining it might contain something to cheer her who had so sadly needed it, had watched anxiously for her return to consciousness that he might deliver it—

MADRAS, May 18, ——.

Dear Miss Arden:—I was both surprised and distressed to learn from Captain S—— the very imprudent step you had taken. You must be aware after the very equivocal position you have so lately occupied, I could not for a moment entertain the idea of making you my wife, even were it otherwise possible; but you will remember, when first I knew you, I believed you would bring a sufficient income to render marriage prudent. Under present circumstances, it could only entail misery on both. Captain S—— returns to England in the course of the ensuing month; and should you feel disposed to place yourself under the protection of his wife, I shall be happy to defray the expenses; or should you prefer remaining here, I have no doubt you will be able to procure a situation as companion to some lady; and I have no doubt, you will marry both soon and well. With best wishes, I remain, yours truly, W. L.

Poor Louise! No home was needed for her; for ere one short week was passed, her heartless lover followed her to the grave.

Selected Articles.

DRIFTWOOD JOHNSON.

A very strange occurrence took place some years since in the flourishing city of Cincinnati, and is yet fresh in the minds of many residents there, not by any means as old as "the oldest inhabitants," who knows all things. It is still told of a cold winter's night around a cheerful fireside to many a wondering youngster, and the moral instilled into their young minds with greater force from the circumstances of its "being as true as gospel." The hero of the tale was an old man named Johnson, who had lived from a boy in the place, and followed a curious trade for a livelihood. Early and late, he was seen down by the river's side collecting driftwood, and toiled at it so incessantly, day after day, and year after year, that it at last became whispered about that old Driftwood Johnson was making money: that he had invested his little earnings well, and had realized large sums by fortunate speculations: but still he clung to his old business. He was mean in dress, and very saving—all the money he ever spent, except for the merest necessaries of life, being for the education of a most lovely daughter, for the old man had a wife and child.

At last Driftwood bought a very large brick house, or built one; and, much to the surprise of everybody, furnished it elegantly, and brought his daughter home from school to be the belle of his mansion. It was a good way out of town, but he said the city would grow to it, and so it has. There was always something mysterious about the old man's family; and his wife, who was a very amiable woman, had a care-worn, anxious look, that no one could account for. The beauty and accomplishments of the daughter, soon brought her plenty of lovers, who sighed and pined for her hand; but the favored of all was a young merchant's clerk, connected with one of the most flourishing establishments in Cincinnati, and soon to become a partner. His suit prospered, and he hoped to make the daughter of old Driftwood his wife. He used to think it a very odd circumstance that during all his evening visits, which were far from being "few and far between," he never could meet the old man, and all his inquiries after him failed to elicit any satisfactory replies, but knowing that the old man was what is generally termed "an odd fish," he never troubled himself much about the matter.

On returning to his store late one night, after a visit to his lady love, he was horrified upon opening the door at finding the mangled and bleeding corpse of a man, a stranger. He had apparently fallen from the second or third story through the hatchway, and had been killed almost instantly. The watch were called in and the poor wretch was taken to the watch-house, and a physician sent for to see the body. He had been dead for hours, and there was nothing left but to endeavor to find out who the man was, and hold an inquest over his body. There was no trace or sign about him that could possibly lead to a recognition—no paper, no mark on his clothes, and a bunch of skeleton keys, a box of matches and a small dark lantern were all that he had about him; so the inquest was held the next morning, a verdict in accordance with the facts rendered, and the body buried.

The next evening, upon visiting his intended, the lover found the family uneasy at the continued absence of old Driftwood, but he persuaded them that he had suddenly been called away on business and would soon return. Advertisements were put in the papers, but no clue to him could be obtained, and people at last believed that he had either been murdered or carried down the Mississippi while gathering driftwood and drowned. In his house there were a number of rooms which had always been locked, and the keys of which old Driftwood had always kept, and when it became necessary to settle his affairs, these rooms were forced open and found to contain goods to a large amount of all sorts and descriptions; silks, satins, broadcloths, linens, shawls, watches, jewelry, and in short all sorts of goods and valuables of every description—which had been stolen in Cincinnati from different places, at various times for years. The secret was out. Old Driftwood had for years employed pedlars to sell goods through the Western country, sent them down in flat boats to points on the Mississippi below Cincinnati, and all of them he had himself, unaided by any accomplice, stolen. The man who was found by the clerk a bleeding corpse was old Driftwood Johnson. The clerk, however, convinced that the daughter of the old man was innocent and unaware that her father had pursued for years a system of burglary and thieving, married her, and she is now a mother, surrounded by a numerous family. Truth is stranger than fiction.—*N. O. Pic.*

United States
SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

Philadelphia:
SATURDAY, JANUARY 15, 1848.

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NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

This is the time when we usually appeal to our readers, to get up clubs and forward their subscriptions for a new year. We have tried during the past year to make a good paper, one both interesting and instructive, and we trust that our subscribers, if they think we have succeeded, will not only send on their own money for the new year, but will use some exertion among their neighbors and friends to extend our list.

The terms of the Post are as low as those of any other paper of the same size and quality. By buying the matter that has already appeared in a daily, using inferior paper, and purchasing no original articles, we could make up an inferior sheet at a lower price; but it is the pride of the proprietors of the Post to publish an original weekly sheet, printed on good paper, with type that will not ruin the eyes of their subscribers. That such newspapers are wanted, and that the country is prepared to pay a fair price for a good article, is fully proven by the success of those papers which have not thought it wise to sacrifice quality to a mere superficial cheapness. In conclusion we would again take the liberty of reminding our readers, that now is the time to send on back debts, and new subscriptions; and to say a good word to their neighbors on our behalf. Subscriptions may be sent at our risk.

EMERSON.

The last number of Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine contains a noble tribute to the genius of this gifted son of America, who is now on a visit to England. The writer says, "If we were called upon to point out amongst the works of our trans-Atlantic brethren, our compatriots still in language, the one which above all others displayed the undoubted marks of original genius,—it would be a prose work, and one of a philosophical character we should single out:—we should point to the writings of Ralph Waldo Emerson."

And again: "Up to this moment, America has not given to the world anything which, in point of original genius, is comparable to his writings. That she has a thousand minds better built up, whose more equal culture, and whose more sober opinions, one might prefer to have,—this is not the question,—but in that highest department of reflective genius, where the power is given to impart new insights into truth, or make old truths look new, he stands hitherto unrivalled in his country; he has no equal and no second."

It really was a heart-felt pleasure to us to meet with such a notice of Mr. Emerson—and in old high-church, tory Blackwood, too, against whom we have said so many uncomplimentary things. Tired to death with hearing Emerson called an "imitator of Carlyle," than which nothing is not only more false, but more stupid, it was really a matter of thankfulness to find a critical notice—and that a British one, too—extending through some twelve pages, in which that absurd notion had no place. But in its stead, just, kindly and appreciative criticism—that fears not to praise, so much as to blame, without just cause.

The critic thus concludes his article: "Very popular Emerson, perhaps, never may become; but we figure to ourselves that, a century hence, he will be recognised as one of those old favorite writers whom the more thoughtful spirits read, not so much as teachers, but as noble-minded companions and friends, whose aberrations have been long ago conceded and forgiven. Men will read him then, not for his philosophy,—*they will not care two straws for his idealism or his pantheism*; they will know that they are there, and there they will leave them,—but they will read him *for those genuine confessions of one spirit to another, that are often breathed in his writings; for those lofty sentiments to which all hearts respond; for those truths which make their way through all systems, and in all ages.*"

The following remarks upon American literature, and the kind of writings which are now demanded by the world, are also very just and forcible: "The genius of America seems hitherto disposed to manifest itself rather in works of reason and reflection than in those displays of poetic fervor which are usually looked for in a nascent literature. And a little consideration would lead us, probably, to expect this. America presents itself upon the scene, enters into the drama of the world, at a time when the minds of men are generally awakened and excited to topics of grave and practical importance. *It is not a great poem that mankind now want or look for; they rather demand a great work, or works, on human society, on the momentous problems which our social progress, as well as our social difficulties, alike give rise to.* If on a new literature a peculiar mission could be imposed, such would probably be the task assigned to it."

In other words, if we understand the reviewer, the same nobility, heroism and originality of thought, which once would have incarnated itself in a great poem, now, in a far different age, applies itself in a more direct and practical manner to the labor of the world's regeneration. The Golden Age is no longer to be dreamed of, but to be realized. And the noblest and most poetical souls of the present day, must be perforce no dreamers, but workers. Times change and men must change with them. Though, for that matter, the Hero always was greater than the Bard. But in the functions of the true Man of Genius of the present day, the Hero and the Bard must be united. And therefore we no longer must expect to get from the noblest class of writers, mere poems, very beautiful and so forth, but having no definite aim. The truth of this is daily manifest. Our ablest writers, *even of poetry*, no longer can follow in the old poetic track—they are forced out of it in spite of their theories, by the spirit of the age. We are tempted to think, sometimes, that the highest minds of the coming centuries, even will be compelled to give up poetry *itself* for more explicit and expansive prose. Or, rather, what is commonly *called* poetry, which depends upon rhyme and a fettered rhythm, for a poetry unfettered by narrow rules, such as burst from the breast of Milton when he pleaded for liberty of speech and of the press, and shook the thrones of Europe with the thunderous music of his defence of the Regicides.

IRELAND.

The last accounts from Ireland forbode a famine in several of the remote districts even more terrible than that of last year. One report says that hundreds are, at *this moment*, solely dependent for support on turnip-leaves boiled, with a little raw meal, which, in a very few days, would be consumed. While an officer of the Government who visited Clare Island and Innisturk, says that he saw several emaciated wretches expiring in agonies from utter want.

In last year's famine, according to the speech of Mr. H. Grattan, in Parliament, 115,929 persons died for want of food; while in the coming winter, Lord Fitzwilliam estimated that at least 2,000,000 would require relief. And in connection with these terrible statistics, we may give another—one of those facts which lie at the root of Ireland's misery—that in one hundred and forty-five parishes, containing 1,000,000 inhabitants, there was not one *resident* landlord. Thus the substance of the country is drained from her bosom, to furnish means to alien landlords to lead spendthrift lives in London and Paris. If Ireland had a Parliament of her own, how long would such a fatal order of things be allowed to continue?

SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

A showman in New York advertises in huge placards, the exhibition, at twenty-five cents admittance, of the identical *rattle-snake that killed Dr. Wainwright*. What a crown of glory it seems to be now-a-days, to kill somebody.

GOVERNOR'S MESSAGE.

The Annual Message of Governor Shunk is rather too long to present in full to our readers. They must therefore content themselves with the following abstract of it.

The blessings of the past year call forth the usual expressions of gratitude to the "God of the harvest." The Governor regrets the war, which he says the prudence, forbearance, &c., of our people could not avert, but does not express any opinion as to its further prosecution, or the best means of ending it.

The public debt on the 1st December, 1846, was $40,789,577. On the 1st December, 1847, it was $40,629,949.51, being $160,627.49 less than a year ago. This reduction was affected by the cancellation of $150,000 of the relief issues, and by the receipt of State stocks in payment of old debts.

The balance in the Treasury on the 1st December 1847, was $688,000.55, being an increase of $302,404.51, over the same item in 1846. The Governor says this is an encouraging view of our finances, it being the first year since the commencement of the internal improvement system, that the revenues accruing within the year have met the demands upon the Treasury.

The receipts during the next year are estimated at $3,921,000.00, and the expenses, including the cancellation of $200,000 relief notes, at $3,576,390.00, which leaves an estimated excess of receipts of $345,510.00.

The Canal and Railroad tolls for this year, are estimated at $1,700,000. The amount of relief notes in circulation on the 1st December last, was $931,664, of which $50,000 were cancelled on the 31st of December. The Governor recommends the passage of a law allowing the Banks to fund them at a rate of interest not exceeding six per cent. per annum, payable semi-annually, and that all the surplus means in the Treasury, be applied to the redemption of those that remain in circulation, and to the payment of the amount funded by the Banks.

The Governor makes a calculation that in 1862, $16,000,000 of our State debt may be paid off. He again recommends that all revenue from the tax on real and personal property, &c., shall be pledged for the payment of the State interest. He also calls attention to the unequal mode of assessments.

In relation to the Tariff, the Governor says:

> Moderate discriminating duties, with a sound currency, limited to the specie standard, may be regarded as the natural and healthy condition of a country, by which the just rewards of labor are secured, and all the great interests of the people advanced, while high duties and a redundant paper currency operate as unnatural stimulants and create apparent but delusive prosperity.

The Governor has not a very high opinion of "Free Banking." He says:

> It must explode, in a country where it is adopted to any considerable extent, whenever a revulsion occurs to test its stability, for it is a deviation from true principles. Sound and safe banking can only be based and conducted on money—gold and silver.

The Governor thinks that the policy of incorporating mining, manufacturing, transporting, and other companies has been fairly discussed, and that public opinion, and the spirit of the age is against it.

He opposes the sale of the public improvements, and recommends a change of location of the Columbia Railroad, so as to avoid the inclined plane.

The present rights of property of married women is a subject which in the opinion of the Governor is worthy of legislative consideration and redress. Knowing this to be a subject of general interest, especially to the ladies, we shall quote all that our gallant Governor has to say upon this subject:

> By our laws, the husband, upon marriage, possesses the power of becoming the absolute owner of the personal estate of his wife, by reducing it into possession, and when he thus acquires this ownership, he may dispose of it by will, at his death, to whom he pleases. She has the privilege, by law, of renouncing the estate or property devised or bequeathed to her by will; and upon such renunciation, she is entitled to dower of her husband's real estate, of which he died seized.
>
> The wife has no control of her own personal estate, or of that of her husband during the marriage, unless it be an extorted allowance for necessaries; and at her death she has no power to dispose of even that which was her own, by will; but the whole belongs to the husband. The husband may encumber his estate by contracting debts without the consent of his wife; and upon his dying intestate, she is only entitled to the one-third of the personal estate, and a life-estate in one-third of the real estate, after the payment of all the debts; and if the estate is not sufficient to the payment of the debts, she loses all. But the wife cannot encumber the real estate she holds in her own right, and upon her death, the whole rests in the husband, during his natural life.
>
> The policy, as well as the justice of this distinction, made by the law in favor of the husband, and against the wife, may well be questioned. The liberal and enlightened spirit of the age, has developed and secured the rights of man, and has redeemed woman, and elevated her from the degrading position she occupied, and placed her, where she always should have been, at the side of her husband, his equal in rank and dignity. Then why should her rights of property still be, to a great extent, controlled by the contracted and illiberal enactments of an age when her husband was her lord, and he might chastise her, by law, as if she were a servant? Our law very carefully provides, that the husband shall not, without the formal consent of his wife, convey his real estate by deed, so as to bar her right of dower, and if this consent is not given, her right is protected, after his death, against the claims of his creditors.
>
> Now, if this be a sound principle, and worthy of the solemn sanctions it has received from the Legislature and the Judiciary, why should it not be extended, so as to preserve to the widow her dower, in all cases where the husband has not only by deed, but by other means, sanctioned by the law, disposed of his real estate, without the formal consent of his wife? If the husband contracts debts his real estate is as effectually transferred by the law, for the use of his creditors, as if he had conveyed it by deed, with the consent of his wife—thus the law at present enables the husband, by one mode of transfer, to bar his wife's dower, without her consent, while it protects her right with the greatest pertinacity, if he adopts another mode of transfer.
>
> If the widow's right of dower is good in one case, as is universally admitted, it is equally as good in the other, and the power of the husband to take it away, by changing the mode of transferring the estate, is destructive of a sound and well-established principle, and should be repealed.—This conclusion appears to me to be irresistible; and I, therefore, recommend the passage of a law, securing to married women, their right of dower, in all cases where the estates of their husbands are transferred, after the passage of the act, without their formal consent.

It appears to us that the principles with which the Governor sets out in the above extract, would warrant the recommendation of a far more sweeping change in the laws than that which he has seen fit to recommend.

The Message concludes with some very just remarks in reprobation of the practice of enacting local instead of general laws.

THE CHOLERA.

A letter from a Missionary in Persia to the New York Observer, states that armies of Locusts appeared a short time before the Cholera, and moved before it, laying waste the fruits of the earth, like the harbingers of a more deadly judgment.

He also says that a singular atmospheric phenomenon was attendant upon the disease. The health-retreat of the mission is situated about five miles from the city of Oroomiah, and about six hundred feet above it. At that place they had a clear sky and a bright sun, most of the time during the prevalence of the cholera in the province—while the city, plain, lake, and sides of the mountains below were involved in a thick mist so dense as entirely to obstruct the vision beyond a few feet. This phenomenon was the more striking in the commonly very clear atmosphere of Persia, where any thing like a cloud is seldom seen during many months of the year.

The writer goes on to say that at the time his letter was written also, they witnessed the same mist, though the weather was too hot to allow it to condense so as to cease to be partially transparent, as was the case during the prevalence of the cholera, in the months of November and December of 1846.

What connection, if any, this singular appearance may have with the cholera, or what peculiar state of the atmosphere it may indicate, is, perhaps, worthy of inquiry. Though if they had the same mist last summer, and the cholera did not re-appear with the cool weather, we do not think that the connection between the two can be very intimate.

LACE.

A lady, now in Paris, thus alludes to the last novelty in the fashionable world: "Lace is in greater favor than ever; it ornaments our dress literally from head to foot, being now adopted as an ornament for shoes! We saw a most elegant slipper of pink taffety edged with gothic lace that encircled the quarter, and then formed a pompon in front, fixed by a satin rosette or a little silver buckle. Cinderella's slipper might hide its diminished head beside this coquettish novelty!"

We would much rather see the ladies *lace* their slippers than their waists.

LAND WARRANTS.

Discharged volunteers are earnestly recommended not to dispose of their Land Warrants for less than $120. Some have been sold in Philadelphia for $90—but they are said to be sold daily for the first named price in Washington.

FREE BANKING.

The Free Banking system does not seem to be very popular in New York just at present. The Comptroller of that State, in his annual report, gives a startling account of the abuses perpetrated under the law. He says:

> Nineteen individual banks have been established within the last year, with capitals of $50,000 or more, and many of them at points as far remote from the principal channels of business as it was practicable to have them without *opening new roads*. In almost every case the notes of these banks are secured by stocks of the State of New York; so that the notes would be a half per cent. better after the death of the bank than during its life.

In another part of his report, the Comptroller says that the President of one of these new banks, swore under oath, that he never saw a bill of the bank of which he was the chief officer, that he never signed one, and it was not until after a long search, with the aid of a compass, through the woods and wilds of Chataque county, that the President was found; and when he was "scared up," he turned out to be a plain, homespun farmer, worth a few hundred dollars, and who heard people say that he was President of a bank, but knew nothing of the fact himself. This may be laughed at—but it is no laughing matter to those who are "bit" by such institutions.

The following account of the manner in which a set of "financiers" will get up banks under the Free Banking Law, for the purpose of shaving the public, is taken from the New York Herald:

> A set of these swindlers get together, raise $4,750, with which they purchase New York State 5's, at about ninety-five per cent., deposit it with the Comptroller and get $5,000 in bills. These bills they bring into the market, and purchase more State 5's, which they deposit with the Comptroller, and get more bills. They make $250 on every purchase of this kind, being the difference between the market value and the par value of the stock, and by thus turning the amount, can in twenty turns get out a circulation of a hundred thousand dollars, on the original capitial of $4,750, and make a clear profit of $5,000, or $250 more than the capital on which they started.
>
> As soon as they have got out this circulation they *fail*, and the bills fall at once to fifty cents on the dollar. With the $5,000 made as above stated, these financiers buy up $10,000 of the bills, take them to the Comptroller, and get $10,000 in stock, which they sell in the market for $9,500, and buy up $19,000 in bills; this amount is taken to the Comptroller, and $19,000 in stock taken and sold for $18,050, with which they buy up $36,100 in bills; and so on until the whole circulation is bought up, and the securities taken out of the hands of the Comptroller, and the financiers have made from forty to fifty thousand dollars out of the laboring classes.

The above is evidently exaggerated—for, granting that bills secured by State Stock worth ninety-five cents in the market, might sink to fifty cents in the first panic; the process of buying them in, and the "sober second thought of the people" would soon raise their value to about what they were really worth. But as to the first class of operations detailed above, we cannot see why they could not be entered into with considerable success, though not of course to the extent stated by the Herald. It is an easier matter to get $100,000 of notes into circulation, and their fair equivalent in hand, *on paper*, than in practice. At least we should judge so, without having much experience in such matters.

THE BLACK DIAMOND.

Residents of other States may not be aware of the rapid increase of the Trade in anthracite coal, sometimes called in those "diggins," Pennsylvania's black diamond. The editor of the Commercial List has prepared with great care for that valuable paper, a table of statistics, showing the amount and importance of this trade. Its increase has been truly wonderful. Not many years have passed since it was generally believed, even in the very centre of the coal regions, that anthracite "would not burn"—that, to use the language of the poet Bryant,

> "Men might into its inner caves retire,
> And there unsinged abide the day of fire."

Even in 1820, the whole amount used amounted to only 365 tons. In 1830 it had increased to 112,082 tons, and in 1840, to 860,017 tons. Since that period the increase has been prodigious, the total supply in 1847 having been 2,970,370 tons, or an increase of *almost three hundred per cent. in seven years!* During the past year the increase over that of 1846 has been 637,069 tons, or a greater amount than the total trade for the first twelve years of its existence. The value of the coal sent to market in 1847 at tide water amounted to twelve millions of dollars.

It is also stated that the tonnage engaged in this trade is greater than that employed in any other single branch of business. In 1846 there were 1 ship, 17 steamboats, 25 barques, 475 brigs, 4,474 schooners, 1,113 sloops, 1,114 barges, and 1,150 boats, besides 282 vessels, class not specified, cleared from this port; total 8,953 vessels, laden with 1,065,229 tons of Anthracite Coal, besides the quantity shipped in boats from the Lehigh mines via Bristol to New York and other places.

We have thus this great fact—that the Coal Trade furnishes the greatest nursery for *seamen* of any other branch of business in the United States, *the whale trade not excepted*. Blessings then on Pennsylvania's Black Diamond! more valuable to the state and the nation than diamonds of Golconda, than gold of Mexico or Peru. It is treasure, like them, but treasure that no people can make available, without becoming through the exercise of the necessary industry, perseverance, and scientific skill and management, nobler and wiser men. It is thus doubly a blessing. Truly Nature when she is most stern, is often most kind.

PEACE RUMORS.

The Washington correspondent of the New York Herald, says that "a letter has been received in that city, dated at Jalapa on the 16th of December, stating that the British courier had passed through that place on the day previous, the 15th, bearing the intelligence *that a treaty of peace had been concluded at the City of Mexico between Mr. Trist and the Mexican Commissioners, Conto, Cuevas and Atristian; and that the opinion prevailed in Mexico that the army could return home in sixty days.*"

This is a very unlikely story. Mr. Trist has no power to make such a treaty. The most truth that can possibly be contained in it, is that the Mexican Commissioners have made propositions which Mr. Trist thinks our Government will accept, and which he has agreed to forward to Washington. This perhaps may be the truth, for a letter from the City of Mexico, dated the 8th of December, says that it was the belief in that city that propositions from the Mexican Cabinet, were on their way to Washington by a bearer of despatches, Mr. Peoples, of the Mexican Star. The desire of the people of this country for peace—their deep-rooted conviction that a state of war is not favorable either to the moral or material interests of a nation—is shown in nothing more strongly than in the eagerness with which these rumors of peace are caught up, magnified and circulated.

ECLIPSES.

There will be six eclipses in 1848—*four* of the sun, and two of the moon. March 5th, a partial eclipse of the sun, visible. March 19th, a total eclipse of the moon, partially visible. April 3d, eclipse of the sun, invisible. August 28th, another eclipse of the sun, invisible. September 12th, a total eclipse of the moon, visible. September 27th, eclipse of the sun, invisible.

Besides the above, there will be numerous eclipses of well known politicians and would-be great men, by others of the same or a higher genus. These eclipses will generally take place at the city of Washington, and some will be visible and others invisible. About the close of the year, however, two of the stars in the political hemisphere will finally succeed in eclipsing all the others. These two will then succeed in attracting the attention of every man, woman and child in the nation towards them, and finally one will eclipse the other, amidst great shouts from one half the people, and great groans from the other half. If we could only prophesy the name of that fortunate star, we should receive the hearty thanks of a very numerous class of politicians who, at this present writing, are "settin' on a rail," though not "sleepin' very sound."

A MEXICAN RAILROAD.

A meeting was held lately in the city of Mexico, "for the purpose of settling preliminaries and taking stock in a contemplated railroad between the city of Mexico and Vera Cruz and the intermediate points." It is said that there were very few Mexicans present, but one of them stated that he was there to represent some four or five others, and pledge himself, should the security of the undertaking be manifested, to raise nine millions of subscriptions for the stock at once. We should think the country between Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico rather unsuitable for railroads, to say nothing of the guerilleros.

LIBERIA.

The New York Journal of Commerce says that the colored people of that city are taking measures to send out some of their most respectable men to Liberia, to procure information, with the intention of making a great movement in that direction, if the report should be favorable.

OUR NEW CONTRIBUTOR.

We have received another poem from the author of "The Doctor to his Student," and "The Lawyer's Wooing." It appears from this that Rudolph can touch his lyre to other promptings than those of satire and humor. A late event gives the following fragmentary poem, a mournful appropriateness:

THE BURNING SHIP.
A FRAGMENT.

That sunny morn ye watched the ship,
As she stole adown the bay,
Till in the haze of clouds afar
Was lost her pennon's play.
"Oh bear her gently, flashing waves!
Oh speed her, winds of heaven!
For loves, and hopes, and dearest lives
Are to her keeping given!"

Night fell upon the waters;—when
There came a sound of dread,
And roused the careless slumberers
As the trump shall rouse the dead!
Then clasped the bridegroom his fair bride,
The mother her young child,
For o'er that ship from side to side
The flames were dashing wild!
They twined around the tapering mast,
They leaped amid the shrouds,
A raging, red volcanic blast
That seemed to lash the clouds!
Then shriek on fearful shriek arose
From those that doomed ship bore—
Oh! did the foaming billows close
O'er forms that rose no more!
And some amid the flame's red glow,
Like demons seemed to rave,
As that ship went floating to and fro,
A hell upon the wave!

PENN. LEGISLATURE.

A resolution has been introduced into the Senate of this State, proposing an amendment to the Constitution, by which the Judges of the several Courts of the Commonwealth shall be elected by the people. We know not what the experience of our friends in the interior may be, but as for our own section, some of the appointments of the Executive within the last ten years have been so ridiculously injudicious, that it would be almost impossible for the people to make worse selections.

A resolution was offered in the lower House instructing the Committee on Vice and Immorality, to inquire into the expediency of so amending the existing license laws, as to prevent the sale of vinous or spirituous liquors, throughout the Commonwealth. The resolution was rejected. It should have been amended a little and passed.

Mr. Forsyth introduced a bill relative to Banks, prohibiting them from loaning upon collateral security, and from permitting firms embracing Directors of the Bank to have upon loan more than $30,000 at a time. A very good bill this—at least so far as the last clause is concerned; though we think it ought to go further, and fix a *much* smaller limit—we are not so certain, however, as to the loaning on collateral security.

Mr. Myers offered a resolution which was adopted, instructing the Judiciary Committee to inquire into the necessity of providing laws for the better management and regulation of railways within this Commonwealth, and of making the accidents which occur to such an alarming extent, the subject of legal investigation. The resolution looks to holding careless engineers and others having the control of the motive power of railways, to strict accountability and penal punishment. This is right.

Mr. Ladley has dared to offer a resolution instructing the Committee on Ways and Means to inquire into the expediency of so amending the Militia Laws of this Commonwealth, as to abolish the "so-called Militia trainings" now in existence; and the House has dared to adopt it. Can our friends in the interior be persuaded to give up their training frolics, or hold them at their own expense? It were a consummation devoutly to be wished—but such an evidence of sanity and fairness in these "piping times of" *war*, is hardly to be expected.

THE ARMY.

Numerous rumors are in circulation at that great fountain head of rumors, Washington City, in reference to the difficulties in the Army, and the course the Administration is disposed to pursue in relation to them. One rumor is that Gen. Scott has been recalled, and that Generals Worth and Pillow, and Col. Duncan, have been ordered to Vera Cruz, for a Court Martial to investigate the charges preferred against them.

Another is that, not only Gen. Scott, but Worth and Pillow and Col. Duncan, have been ordered home, and that Gen. Taylor or Gen. Wool, is to assume the command.

That there is any truth in these rumors we think very improbable—at least so far as General Scott is concerned. As the mist clears up a little, it is not difficult to infer that General Scott is right in his reprobation of the letters written from the Army, and only wrong in the undignified and inflated wording of the famous "Order," in which that reprobation is expressed. The old general is too apt to forget that white soup is a very wholesome and nutritive diet, it should not be served out too hastily or too hot. We cannot suppose though, that the undignified tone in which just sentiments are expressed, is sufficient to warrant a recall by the government—and therefore we do not believe that the rumors mentioned have any very firm foundation.

We perceive that the New Orleans Delta, a very able and impartial paper, supports General Scott in the course he has taken. The editor says:

> We think, in view of the difficulties that have already occurred, that General Scott is fully justified in enforcing the army regulation against letters written by officers. The evils of a disregard of the regulation have lately been manifest to the people, and have produced much disgust in the army.
>
> We have seen letters written by men who ought to be better employed in the army, the objects of which were to claim for particular individuals the glory of deeds never performed by them. *We have seen letters written by officers of the staff of one of our Generals, reflecting in the strongest terms upon the Commander-in-Chief, and arrogating the credit of the victory for his own chief and disparaging all others.* This is all wrong. Gen. Scott ought to be supported by the whole country in his effort to put down a feeling and practice which, if not suppressed, must go far to produce discontent and demoralization in our army.

Since the above was in print, the Washington correspondent of the North American of this city, has telegraphed word to that paper, that on Thursday week, it was determined in Cabinet to recall Gen. Scott, and that a special messenger was actually despatched for that purpose—but was recalled at Richmond, by a telegraphic communication, the President having received notice of the expected arrival of General Peirce at Washington from Mexico, and being desirous to have his opinion on the subject.

If the Government has really determined to recall Scott, it is to be supposed that its action is based upon facts, which have not yet reached the public ear.

THE SLIDING SCALE.

Sir Robert Peel's new Sliding Scale, which has been suspended for some time past, goes into operation on the 1st of March next. The President of the Board of Trade, says that it is not the intention of the Government to propose a further suspension of the law. The scale slides as follows:

When the average price of wheat for six successive weeks, is under 48s. per qr. the duty will be 10s. per qr.

When	48s.	and under	49s.	9s.	per qr.
"	49s.	"	50s.	8s.	"
"	50s.	"	51s.	7s.	"
"	51s.	"	52s.	6s.	"
"	52s.	"	53s.	5s.	"
"	53s.	and upwards,		4s.	"

MILK IN MEXICO.

The plan of selling milk in Mexico, is to drive the cows around from house to house, where they are milked, thus preventing all adulteration of the milk with water and other less harmless substances. When we consider that even in this country, where the people are comparatively moral, it is almost impossible to find a strictly honest milk seller, the absolute necessity of resorting to some such plan as the above, in Mexico, will be immediately apparent.

THE CITY ITEM.

We have been intending to notice for some time past, a new weekly paper started three or four months ago in this city, and called by the rather singular name which heads this paragraph. The "City Item" is a sparkling, pleasant sheet, ably edited, devoted, as its name implies, more especially to city matters, and yet also calculated for country circulation. We wish its proprietors all success in their undertaking.

INTERMITTENT FEVER.

The American Journal of the Medical Sciences states that Mr. J. W. Freer, a pupil of the Chicago Hospital, has employed ether in intermittent fever, "with the most delightful results." Two or three inhalations invariably on paroxysm, *instantaneously*, during the cold stage, brought on perspiration, and in cases were there was no unusual exertion, the paroxysms have not returned.

Editorial Varieties.

A TERRIBLE SCENE.

The destruction of the steamboat A. N. Johnson seems to have been a most horrible scene. The Maysville Flag says that the explosion blew up the cabin deck, and when many of the passengers opened the cabin doors, to make their escape, they were precipitated into the hold, and there, with twenty-seven horses, were soon writhing in the flames. None of them escaped.

One poor fellow was seen caught under a part of the wreck, when it had burnt nearly to the water's edge. Nothing could save him. As he cast his look of despair imploringly on the spectators, the wreck sunk, carrying him down with it.

The Cincinnati Commercial says:

> The scene of heart-rending agony on board the boat was indescribable. There were the dead and dying—the flames bursting from every part of the boat—the shrieks of men as they sank into the flames to rise no more—the wild fright of the horses—all conspired to render the scene beyond the power of language to depict; but the agony of those who perished instantly by the explosion, sunk into the flames or were thrown into the water to rise no more, were short, and their fate we could almost say preferable to some who survived—their flesh burnt to a coal and peeling from their bones. In the midst of suffering the most acute that the human frame can endure, men in the depth of their agony were begging to be shot, calling for axes and other instruments by which they might end their sufferings. On the shore and in the adjacent corn-field were to be seen the most frightful spectacles. Heads, trunks, limbs, and every part of the human frame, torn from the other parts and in fragments scattered around.

It is gratifying to know that all the female passengers were saved, the explosion not reaching their cabin. It has been ascertained that about $20,000 in money was lost. The cause of the explosion is generally supposed to have been a want of water in the boilers; though the second engineer, who was mortally injured, declared in his last moments, that the steam was not high, and that he had tried the guage-cocks and found plenty of water.

TOBACCO.

For the gratification of such of our Southern friends as grow the weed, and all of them, who use it, we quote the following from the Utica Gazette, showing what healthy practices those of smoking and chewing are. We had thought that these belonged to that small number of questions, to which there is only one side—that all persons granted the unhealthy effects of using Tobacco, not *justifying* themselves for indulging in it, but only *excusing* themselves under the plea that it is so soothing, exhilarating and pleasant; it seems, however, we were mistaken. But hear the Gazette, ye lovers of Tobacco, and take courage:

> "In the manufactories of France there are 4,000 people employed in working tobacco, and they are remarkable for their good health and long life. One of the gentlemen in our city engaged in this business, asserts that among the workmen, there is much less sickness and more robust health than can be found among the same number in any other labor. Frederick the Great of Prussia was an inveterate snuff taker. His pockets were lined with tin and full of snuff, which he used constantly. He died at the aged of 74. Yet singularly enough at one period, a law of Russia and Prussia declared that tobacco should not be used in any form but snuff, under penalty of death, and even snuff could not be sneezed at without danger of having the offending member, the nose, cut off. Sir John Sinclair found that nearly all the pensioners in Greenwich Hospital over eighty were inveterate smokers. In one of the Irish institutions, there were thirty-one over eighty years, all of whom used the luxury freely, with one exception. Two of the most reliable and distinguished English authors, Christison and Pereira state that they are unacquainted with any well ascertained ill effects resulting from the habitual practice of smoking.

NOTICES.

Lest some of our readers should not be fully convinced that, by the general sentiment of the press, the Post stands at the head of the literary and family papers of the country—and in order that they may be able to recommend it to their friends and neighbors as such, with a clear conscience—we take the liberty of laying a few more "notices" before them.

The Mahoning Index, published at Canfield, Ohio, says:

> SATURDAY EVENING POST.—To all those who are desirous of taking an Eastern literary paper, we can cheerfully recommend the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, edited by HENRY PETERSON. *It is decidedly the best paper of its class that we know of*, being of a high tone in all its departments, moral, religious and literary.

The Lynn News, published at Lynn, Massachusetts, says:

> SATURDAY EVENING POST.—We need say nothing more in praise of this superior family newspaper, than we have already done. It is enough to say, that it is, in our opinion, *the best out-of-town paper we know of*.

The Democratic Banner, published at Clearfield, Pa., says:

> THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, as a literary paper, is not excelled in the United States. No other paper has sustained itself so well and so long. And now, when the POST, after keeping up with the spirit of the age, or we might rather say *ages*, is surrounded with any number of contemporaries, *it still stands at the head of its class.*

The Semi-Weekly News, published at Fredericksburg, Va., says:

> THE SATURDAY EVENING POST *is unquestionably the best literary paper published in Philadelphia.* The typography is beautiful—the sheet very large, and filled with most interesting and instructive matter.

We have other notices before us, to a similar effect, but what we have given are sufficient. To our friends of the country press, who have so generously spoken "a word in season" on our behalf, we return our thanks—and hope not to forfeit hereafter their good opinion. To the publishers and editors of the Bordentown Palladium, the Northern Tribune, the Conneautville Courier, the Montgomery Phoenix, the Dundee Record, and the Gospel Banner, in addition to those we have quoted, we know we are indebted—doubtless there are many others whose notices we have not seen.

THE JOHN DONKEY.

The second number of the John Donkey contains some very good hits. The following description of a new "Baby Soother," will be interesting to "heads of families:"

> JOHN DONKEY'S BABY SOOTHER.
>
> We are happy to have it in our power to offer to the numerous heads of interesting and juvenile families, a slick, smooth, agreeable and safe sanative, for innocent juvenility in its swaddling-clothes. It is as follows:—Procure a piece of fat pork, the greasier the more generous—attach by a hard knot to the centre of this, a piece of strong string to be tied to one of the pedal extremities of the youngster.
>
> The great merit of this invention consists, in the first place, in the great fattening power possessed by the pork, and, secondly, in the use of the pedals for drawing purposes. When the pork shall have slipped so far down the throat as to strangle, this will of course set the child to kicking, which operation will have the effect of reproducing the pork, and saving the dear one's bacon. The continued change from sucking to strangling, produces a pleasing and healthy recreation, which recommends itself to noisy children and suffering progenitors.

The following little witticism is not bad:

> ANOTHER LETTER FROM MR. CLAY.—A phonetic writer in speaking of the distinguished statesman of Kentucky, calls him Mr. Cla.

HOURS OF LABOR.

A bill has been introduced into the Legislature of this State, to regulate the hours of labor. It provides that in all contracts for, or relating to labor, ten hours of actual labor shall constitute and be adjudged a day's work, and no person shall be holden or required to perform more than ten hours labor in any one day, or sixty hours in any one secular week.

It also provides, under a penalty of thirty dollars, that no person, apprenticed or otherwise, under the age of twenty-one years, shall be compulsorily employed in any mine, factory or workshop, more than ten hours in any one day, or more than sixty hours in any one secular week.

SANTA FE.

We thought by the tenor of late advices, that order was firmly established at Santa Fe—but it seems we were mistaken. The last account says that "the troops are in a wretched state of discipline, and constant difficulties are growing out of their insubordination." Is there no officer in the Army capable of keeping a few hundred men in order? If there be such an one, we hope the Secretary of War will despatch him to Santa Fe as soon as possible.

A DESERTER.

A letter from the Army says that it has now become pretty certain, that a Lieut. O'Sullivan, who distinguished himself greatly in various battles, and was promoted for his gallantry at Palo Alto, after throwing up his commission, has joined the Mexican Army with the rank of colonel. It is said that although as brave a man as ever lived, he had disgraced himself on so many occasions, as to lose the respect of his brother officers.

J. RUSSELL LOWELL.

The admirers of Lowell will be pleased to learn that he has published a new volume of poems. It contains those he has contributed to the magazines since the issue of his last volume, with six or seven new ones. For grandeur and sublimity of thought, and nobleness of soul, Lowell, in our opinion, stands unrivalled among the poets of America. We hope to be able, at an early day, to lay our reasons for thus believing before our readers—fortifying them by extracts from the volume of poems before us.

A PRUSSIAN VOLUNTEER.

Baron Von Grosse, a Prussian officer, has been serving in the Army in Mexico, by permission of his King. General Scott, to whom he brought letters, treated him with marked attention, and invited him to join his staff. The fighting being over for the present, and the Baron's absence from Prussia being necessarily limited, he will occupy the remainder of his time in visiting Cuba, and afterwards the United States, on his return home.

GONE TO NEW YORK.

Mr. Charles J. Hennies, who was for many years connected with the United States Gazette, of this city, as assistant editor, has been engaged by the proprietors of the New York Courier and Enquirer upon the news department of that paper. Mr. Hennies is a gentleman of talent, information and industry, and we are pleased to see that his merits have been duly appreciated by the greatest mercantile paper in the Union.

J. BAYARD TAYLOR.

This gentleman has dissolved his connection with the Phoenixville Pioneer, and obtained various literary engagements in New York. Talents, energy and industry like Mr. Taylor's deserve success in life, and will undoubtedly secure it. Mr. Taylor has many warm and influential friends in New York; and it does seem, after all, that a great city is the place for a man of fine literary powers to push his fortunes.

THE METHODIST CHURCH.

The Northern Advocate states that the Methodist Episcopal Conferences for the past year having closed their sessions, a large decrease in the number of members is made evident. The tables show that the number of members in 1847 was twelve thousand less than in 1846. The latter year also presented a decrease of about the same number from 1845. No special cause is assigned for this decrease.

MARRIAGE FEES.

The Evening Bulletin knows of a clergyman in Lancaster, in this State, whose marriage fees amount to $1,000 per annum; and conjectures there are clergymen in this city, whose receipts from this source are nearly if not quite as large. Mr. Streeter, of Boston, married last year 168 couples.

Life in New York.

LETTERS FROM NEW YORK.

NO. IX.

New York, Saturday Evening, Jan. 8, 1848.

Our musical citizens are again getting themselves into a state of excitement about the Steyermarker musicians, who have been giving concerts at the Tabernacle. The company consists of nineteen individuals, and the facility, taste and genius which they display on their several instruments are truly wonderful. But what a *name* do they glory in! How is it that musicians so frequently bear such unpronounceable names?

A new daily paper was started in this city on Tuesday last, called "The Day Book." It *looks* like the Boston Transcript, and *acts* like the London Satirist. It is edited by Mr. "*Mystery-of-Iniquity*" Bacon, and may be successful, but I am compelled to doubt.

The most curious exhibition that I have seen for many a day in old Gotham, is that of a flock of Canary Birds. They have just arrived from Italy, and are in the possession of Sig. Antonio Spimetto. This gentleman has devoted many years to the training of these birds, and has succeeded in bringing them to such a state of tameness and submission, that they sit up, lie down, carry and draw vehicles, and, in fact, do anything he may command. One of them will perch himself on the mouth of a trumpet whilst being blown, another will represent a leaping frog, one a fowl ready for the spit, one a water carrier, one will dance on the slack rope, one will stand on his head, one smokes a pipe, and others represent such characters as Napoleon, Marshals Soult, Ney and other famous men. The dear little birds are all very beautiful and wonderfully intelligent, and are daily visited by crowds of our lady-citizens. In a city of humbugs, an exhibition of this sort is as welcome as "sunshine in a shady place."

The well-known writer, Mr. Edgar A. Poe, is in town and looking in fine health. Sometime during the coming week he intends to deliver a public lecture on a literary topic, by request of his numerous friends. I notice by the late Paris papers that his "Tales" have been translated into French, by an accomplished lady. As I have entered upon literary matters I might mention that the venerable Albert Gallatin is about to publish another pamphlet on the Mexican War, which is looked for with interest. The celebrated Mr. "Ned Buntline" has lately published a book of "Life in New York," which is quite true to nature, only—"a little too much so." A notorious gambler has offered this author the sum of $1,000, not to notice his establishment in the second series of the work now being printed, but the offer was not accepted.

I have another *fashionable* paragraph for your readers. A wedding took place at one of our city churches the other evening, which was attended by six hundred people. Every one present came by a printed invitation, in ball room dresses. Three hundred carriages were employed on the occasion, and all the expenses paid by the father of the bride—not a single lady was admitted into the church, who was not in full dress, and yet the ceremony occupied only about fifteen minutes. And who do you suppose were the heroes of this strange and foolish ceremony? People who have nothing in the world to boast of but a little money, which money was accumulated by the dignified, noble, and fashionable employment of selling liquor by the glass in the rear of an up-town retail grocery store!

Speaking of weddings reminds me of a remarkable affair which lately happened in this city, and may be narrated as follows. A gentleman residing in a southern State, was a regular correspondent of a certain periodical in New York, which periodical was chiefly edited by the daughter of the proprietor. In process of time the gentleman and lady alluded to became pretty well acquainted with each other, and corresponded in a friendly manner. The former, to make a long story short, fell in love with the as yet unseen lady and offered her his hand in marriage. After mature deliberation the lover was accepted. His next step was to visit New York, where he kept himself out of the way of his intended wife, though both parties were making arrangements for their union. The day was fixed, also the hour, and the friends of the lady were assembled in her father's mansion, and she was ready to become a bride. At this stage of the proceedings a gentleman made his appearance, heralded by his card. He was recognized as the future son-in-law and husband, and was warmly welcomed by all present, *the* lady in the meanwhile standing among her friends *completely veiled*. The clergyman now stepped forward, and the marriage ceremony was performed, and then it was that the husband *first fixed his eyes upon the countenance of his wife*. That lady and gentleman are now residing in this city, and are not only quite happy but surrounded with troops of friends. This, Mr. Editor, is a "fixed fact," though it may appear a most romantic and improbable affair.

GOTHAMITE.

New Publications.

LECTURES ON THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF LIVING BEINGS. *By Carlo Matteucci, Professor in the University of Pisa.* This volume has been translated under the superintendence of Jonathan Pereira, M. D., F. R. S., Vice President of the Royal Medical and Chirurgical Society, and is dedicated by request of the author to Dr Faraday. It is doubtless a very learned and able work, and will prove of much value to those interested in the subjects treated of. Published and for sale by *Lea & Blanchard, Phila.*

THE POETS AND POETRY OF AMERICA. *A Satire.* The author of a satire should be able to write as good if not better poetry than those he satirises. Whatever the author of the satire before us may be *able* to do, it is very evident that he has not in the present instance complied with the above fundamental rule. Published and for sale by *W. S. Young, No. 173 Race St., Philada.*

ROSE SOMERVILLE, OR, A HUSBAND'S MYSTERY AND A WIFE'S DEVOTION. *New York: Burgess, Stringer & Co.* This is the title of a novel originally published in the New York Dispatch, and now re-published in book form. For sale by *T. B. Peterson, Philadelphia.*

A TOUR TO THE RIVER SAGUENAY IN LOWER CANADA. *By Charles Lanman, author of a Summer in the Wilderness.* This is a very pleasantly written volume, giving an account of a Summer's tour in the valleys of the Hudson, St. Lawrence and St. Johns, and along some of the rivers of New England. Mr. Lanman visited Lake *George*, which name he wisely puts aside for the prettier old Indian appellation of the Horicon—the Scaroon, the Adirondac, the Green Mountains, the White Hills, the St. Lawrence, the Saguenay, the Madawaska, the Penobscot, the Kennebeck, and the most attractive spots in the vicinity of each. Many of these places are comparatively new ground for the tourist—and Mr. Lanman has succeeded in making a book free from that bane of too many works of this character, commonplace. We cordially commend it to our readers. Published and for sale by *Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.* Price fifty cents.

THE FARMERS' LIBRARY. The January number of this periodical is embellished with a finely-colored engraving of the Tobacco Plant and its Enemies. The contents are "Sheep Shearing," "Making Butter and Cheese," "Ayrshire Cattle," "Sheep Husbandry in the South," &c., &c. For sale by *Zieber & Co., Philadelphia.*

HARPER'S UNITED STATES ALMANAC. Harper & Brothers have published an almanac for 1848, which is for sale by *Stokes & Brother, Arcade, Phila.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. No. 191 of the Age is for sale by *Zieber & Co.* It contains articles on Shelley, Tuition of Idiots, Truman Henry Safford, &c.

Local Intelligence.

TAYLOR MEETING.

A meeting in favor of the election of Gen. Taylor to the Presidency, was held in the Museum building on last Saturday evening, the 8th of January. It was one of the largest meetings ever held *under a roof*, in this city. Many ladies were present in the galleries, which were reserved for them, and the enthusiasm was very great. There is no doubt that Gen. Taylor is very popular in this community, though a large number hesitate to commit themselves either for or against him, until they know what opinions he holds relative to the future conduct of the war, which promises to become the great question of questions in the next canvass.

A DEFALCATION.

Mr. Randall Hutchinson, one of the clerks at the Philadelphia Mint, has been ascertained to be a defaulter to the amount of $23,000—which, deducting the amount of his security, $5,000—will leave Uncle Sam $18,000 minus in his cash account. It appears that this embezzlement has been going on since 1841, and that it has all been swallowed up in lotteries. Mr. Hutchinson is among the missing. Were the penalties of such crimes only felt by the perpetrator in the loss of character, and by the government in the loss of treasure, it would not so much matter; but it is dreadful for a man to involve his family in shame.

PIPES.

It is stated that the entire length of water-pipes laid in this city is seventy miles, and that in the districts there are about the same number, making an aggregate of at least one hundred and forty miles in the city and county. The length of the gas pipes must also be very great, though of course nothing like that of the water. Our political readers will remember that the Philadelphians are renowned of old for "laying pipe."

RECRUITING.

Recruiting is said to go on but slowly at present in this city, for the volunteer regiments now in Mexico, and judging from the exertions made the last few months, it will require a long time before the complement contemplated for each regiment can be made up.

GIRARD COLLEGE.

The North American says it is a mistake that the pupils at Girard College are dressed uniformly; Mr. Girard's will expressly providing that no distinctive dress shall be worn. We give the old millionaire credit for this.

Miscellaneous.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

The Pittsburg Telegraphic correspondent of the Ledger, gives the following particulars of another steamboat explosion. The scene of the disaster is not mentioned, but it was probably on the upper Ohio:

> The steamer Blue Ridge, blew up with a frightful explosion, about one o'clock, on Saturday night last, during the prevalence of a very severe snow storm. The explosion was tremendous, reducing the boat to a perfect wreck. Such was the force that the cabin was thrown over the boilers and clear of them.
>
> The hull sunk immediately, but the portion of the cabin which was torn off by the force of the explosion remained afloat, and to this those of the passengers who were saved clung for life. Thus immersed in the water, on a night of intense severity and almost naked, the poor creatures floated eight miles down the river, before they were released.
>
> No just conclusion as to the number of those who were lost can be arrived at. There were about seventy passengers on board, of whom twenty or thirty perished. They were mostly from Kanawha and Gallipolis. But few of those who were rescued saved anything, most of them having to go ashore in their night clothes, just as they were aroused from their berths at the occurrence of the disaster.
>
> The cause of the explosion is doubtless attributable to the defective boilers, which had been in use nine years. This shows a lamentable disregard of public security, and calls loudly for the interposition of the law. Owners and captains who endanger the lives of passengers in such crazy hulks, with boilers burned as thin as a wafer, should be tried for manslaughter, and there is no jury in the country who would hesitate to convict them.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.

FLOUR AND GRAIN.—Tuesday, 3, P. M.—Flour is quiet to-day at $6⅛a$6,50; extra and fancy brands higher. Corn Meal is selling at $3⅝, and Rye Flour at $4⅜a$4¼. Wheat 140a141c; Corn, old, 71 cts; new, weight, 61c; Rye 90c; Oats 45a46c. Whiskey, 22½c in hhds, and 23½a23¾c in bbls.

COTTON is held firmer, and but little offering.

SUGAR—70 hhds N. O. at 4¼c.—*Pub. Ledger.*

DECREASE OF THE CLERGY

In this powerful body of men signal changes have been wrought. Before the Revolution (of France,) it possessed the third part, if not the full half, of the landed interest of the kingdom, and shared with the nobility the rights of feudal lordship. In 1757, the Abbe de St. Pierre reckoned in France 40,000 *cures* (parish priests, with larger power than the class to whom the English give the name curates,) 60,000 other priests, 100,000 monks, and 100,000 nuns, being a total of 300,000, or 1 to every 67 inhabitants. But in 1829 the clerical order comprised but 108,000 members, that is to say, but 1 to every 280 inhabitants.

Causes, both many and various, have been in constant operation since the sixteenth century, to reduce the number of the clergy. By casting up the columns of figures, we find the number of ecclesiastics, in their proportion to the residue of the population, has diminished thus:

At Rome, in 65 years, three-fifths.
In Portugal, in 31 years, five-sixths.
In Bavaria, in 28 years, twenty-two twenty-thirds.
In Sicily, in 51 years, more than one-half.
In France, in 67 years, more than four-fifths.
In Switzerland, in 37 years, one-third.
In England, in 133 years, nearly two-thirds.
In Russia, in 33 years, much more than one-third.
In Denmark, in 20 years, one-half, and even more.
In Sweden, in 60 years, one-third.

The larger share of these losses has fallen on the Romish clergy. During fifty years, in six of the States of Europe it has diminished to the amount of 855,000 priests, monks, or nuns.—*Semeur of Paris, a religious journal.*

THE EMPEROR NICHOLAS.

On the 1st of December the Emperor of Russia completed the twenty-second year of his reign; in three years, therefore, he will have arrived at an epoch which has not been attained by any of the Czars before him. A fundamental law exists in Russia, which dates before the time of Peter the Great, and by which the Emperor of Russia cannot reign more than twenty-five years. After this period, he is obliged to abdicate in favor of the heir presumptive of the Imperial Crown; or, if he wants to maintain himself on the throne, he does so at the risk of braving all the aristocracy of Russia, and of being stabbed or strangled in his own palace. Such, at least, were the customs of the Czars, for a long period has elapsed since any attained the 25th year of his reign. The resolution which the Emperor will take for this important period, has been deeply engaging parties at St. Petersburg. Many suppose that he will abdicate in favor of the Prince Royal Alexander Nicoleviwtsch, who is now twenty-nine years of age, and that he will retire into Germany; but the more general opinion is that he will convoke the Senate, for the purpose of having this barbarous law revoked, and thus be enabled to continue his reign without the fear of the nobles.

The Emperor himself avoids all allusion to the subject.—*London Sun.*

BYRON'S MISTRESS.

The celebrated Countess Guiccioli, the friend of Lord Byron, is about to be married to the rich and eccentric Marquis de Boissy. The Marquis is a wealthy, eccentric old widower, connected with the first families in France. His bride is a most bewitching, golden-haired creature,—

> "Being somewhat large, and languishing and lazy,
> Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy!"

the original of Dudu, in Don Juan, which is a capital portrait of her, even now she is fifty, and celebrated as having long held its noble author captive. She moves in the best French society, where she has generally been escorted during late years by H. L. Bulwer, now English Minister at Madrid.—*Exchange Paper.*

☞ The venerable Miss Edgeworth has a new work in press. It is entitled "Orlandino."

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, Jan. 8, 1848.

REMARKS—Very few transactions, and those unimportant, have been made during the week. Prices of most articles are without change. The news from Europe by the Caledonia has had no effect upon our markets.

FLOUR AND MEAL—There has been but little animation in the market this week, though about 3000 barrels have changed hands for export at $6,31¼a6,37½, for fair brands, and some parcels to the trade at $6,50 a6,75 for good to choice Pennsylvania, and common Genesee. Rye Flour—The last sale was at $4,75 per bbl. Corn Meal—About 600 bbls Pennsylvania sold at $3,25 per bbl—the market closing dull. Exported 2850 bbls Flour.

GRAIN—The supplies of all descriptions continue quite light, and holders ask an advance in the price of Wheat—of which we only notice the sales of 12,000 bushels at $1,39a1,40 for good and prime Southern red and $1,45a1,46 for Genesee. Rye is held at 90c, without sales. Corn has been in demand, and the light supplies have caused an advance in prices; sales of good new yellow at 63a64c; old do at 71, inferior new at 60 cts and mixed old and new at 65. Oats sell at 43a44c for Southern; 2000 bushels Pennsylvania sold at 46c.

PROVISIONS—The stocks generally continue light, but there is very little demand and prices are nearly nominal at $12a12,50 for Mess Pork, and $8,50a9 for Prime per bbl; 200 bbls City Mess Beef sold at $12 per bbl. Bacon sells in lots at 8a10½ cts for Hams, as in quality, and 6a6½ for Sides and Shoulders. 1500 packages new Western Lard sold at 9a10 cts per lb. Butter—Further sales to some extent at 11a17c in kegs and firkins. Cheese sells at 8a10c per lb.

BARK—Quercitron continues quiet, and prices nominal. The inspections in 1847 amounted to

	Hhds	Tcs	Bbls
First quality, No. 1	3646	34	8
do. do. 2	[illegible]	20	[illegible]
Second quality, No. 1	76		
Total	4181	54	[illegible]

The total weight of the above was—

	Tons	Cwt	Qrs	Lbs
First quality, No. 1	[illegible]	19	[illegible]	17
do. 2	[illegible]	13	[illegible]	[illegible]
Second quality, No. 1	17	13	1	20
Total,	[illegible]	6	1	[illegible]

The inspections in December was 259 hhds. Exported 6 hhds.

BEESWAX—Market dull at former rates.

BREAD—We continue to quote prices at 3½ for Navy and 4½ for Pilot Bread, and Crackers at 5½c per lb with a limited demand. Exported 964 bbls.

CANDLES—Further small sales of Sperm at 30a32c. Tallow sell as wanted at 11a11½c for Mould, and 10a10½ for Dipt. The stocks of all descriptions are quite light.

COAL—There is no new feature to notice in the market this week. The supplies for some time to come will be exclusively via Reading Railway; and with very moderate stocks prices are well supported. We quote $3,80a4 for white and red ash Lump, and $4a 4,25 for Broken and Egg sizes of Schuylkill, with small sales for shipment. Sales for city use at $4,70a 5 per ton, as in quality.

COTTON—A moderate demand has existed during the present week, and in view of the unusually light stocks in first hands, and the small supplies coming forward, prices are well supported. Sales of 830 bales this week, including Upland, Mobile and N. Orleans at full rates. We quote

	Up'd & Fl'a	La. & Ala.
Ordinary to Good Ordinary,	7¼ a 8	7½ a 8
Middling to Good Middling,	8¼ a 8½	8½ a 8¾
Middling Fair to Good Fair,	7¾ a 9½	9 a 9¾
Fully to Good Fair,	9½ a 9¾	9½ a 10

Exported, 3 bales.

COFFEE—The market remains quiet, and we have only to report the sales of 1a1500 bags, mostly Rio, at 7a7¾c and some Laguayra at 7½a7¾c on the usual credits.

COPPER—New Sheathing is steady at 23c, 6 mos.

DOMESTIC GOODS—We have no new feature to notice in the market this week. The stocks generally continue light, and the supplies as yet come forward slowly. Exported 137 bales.

FEATHERS—We note sales of 3000 lbs Western at 33a36c per lb as in quality. The supply in market is not heavy.

FISH—Operations in Mackerel continue limited to small parcels from store, at about previous quotations.

FRUIT—The market generally has been inactive since our last review, and the transactions limited without change in prices.

HEMP—The market remains inactive.

HIDES—An invoice of 5000 Laguayra sold on terms not made public.

HOPS—Further sales of first sort at 7a8c per lb.

IRON—The market has not varied since our last weekly review.

LEAD—About 3000 pigs Western sold at 4⅜a4½ cts, cash and 4 months.

MOLASSES—Further sales of 430 bbls New Orleans at 28, 27a27½c—4 mos.

NAVAL STORES—The stocks are greatly reduced for most articles under this head, but the demand has been quite limited, and the sales trifling, without change in prices.

OILS—Market generally inactive. We quote Linseed at 56a58c, with small sales. Sperm is worth $1,10 a1,20 for Spring and Fall, and $1,15a1,25 for Winter Bleached. Whale sells at 37a38c per gallon.

RICE—Market steady with small sales, at 4a4¼ cts per lb.

SALT—About 5000 bushels Liverpool Coarse sold, supposed at about former rates.

SEEDS—The market for Cloverseed continues inactive, and the sales have been only in a small way at $3,87½a4,37½ for only fair to prime quality. Flaxseed sells at $1,42a1,45 per bushel.

SPIRITS—Further sales of French Brandy at $1,60 a1,70 for Bordeaux; $1,70a1,80 for Rochelle, and $2,50 a2,75 for old Cognac. Gin is steady at $1,35 a1,40 per gallon, with small sales. N. E. Rum sells at 32a34c. Whiskey is dull, and prices again lower—sales in hhds at 22a22, and in bbls at 23a23c.

SUGAR—The market is steady for New Orleans, with sales of 1a500 hhds at 4a6½c per lb, on the usual credit.

TALLOW—Continues dull at 7a8½c.

TEAS—Market quiet and prices steady.

WINES—No sales of magnitude this week.

WOOL—A moderate demand exists for Domestic, and prices are steady.—*Bick. Reporter.*

SALES OF STOCKS.

150 shares Norristown Railroad,	10
93 do. Schuylkill Navigation,	17½
20 do. Mer. & Man. Bank,	[illegible]
8 do. Mechanics Bank,	[illegible]
3 do. Ches. & Del. Canal,	[illegible]
$4000 U. S. 6's Tres. Notes,	[illegible]
$485 Lehigh Coal Scrip,	[illegible]
$700 County 5's, 1860,	[illegible]
$5500 U. S. 6's, 1867,	[illegible]
$1000 Reading 6's, Mort.	[illegible]
$4000 Reading 6's, 1850,	[illegible]
$3000 Schuyl. Nav. 6's, 1865,	[illegible]

CATTLE MARKETS.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 10.—The sales of Beef Cattle during the week ending to-day, were about 1100 head. Beeves brought from $5 to 6,50 per 100 lbs. Hogs sold at prices varying from $5,75 to 6,75 per 100 lbs. Cows, as follows—$25 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for Springers, and from $8 to 14 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4, and the latter from $1 to 3.

BALTIMORE, Jan. 7.—Beef Cattle—There has been an increased supply and a slight decline in price.—There were offered at the scales on Monday 700 head, of which 390 head were sold to city butchers and packers, at prices ranging from $2,50 to 3 per 100 lbs on the hoof, equal to $4,50a5,75 net, and averaging about $5 gross; of the number offered, 310 head were driven to Philadelphia; the residue, 90 head, left over unsold. Sales have since been made in small lots at a fraction below the above quotations.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JANUARY 8.

ASHES—Small sales of Pots were made at $6,62½, while Pearls were inactive at $7.

BREADSTUFFS—Flour—The sales footed up about 5000 bbls, among which were 2500 bbls Oswego at $6,06¼a6,09; 500 do good Ohio at $6,12½; and 1000 do good Western at $6,00. Southern was inactive at $6,37½a6,50; small sales of Genesee were made at $6,25a6,50 for home use. Wheat—Sales of 2000 bush Ohio were made at $1,30; 1000 do were made at $1,28, and 1000 do at $1,29, 6000 do Genesee sold at $1,48, and 2500 white Ohio, good quality, sold at $1,35.

CORN—Sales of 2000 bushels old Maryland flat yellow were made at 71c; 1000 do inferior mixed, new, were made at 62c, 3000 do new mixed sold at 64 and 65c; and 2a3000 New Orleans old flat yellow were reported sold at 70c. Meal—Sales of about 500 barrels N. Jersey were made in separate lots at $3,31¼a3,37½ and $3,50, according to quality. Rye—The market was quiet at 86a87c. Rye Flour—Sales of 150 barrels were made at $4,12½, and afterwards held at $4,25.—Oats continued firm, but sales were moderate.

PROVISIONS—Old Pork was very dull; old mess was said to be offered at $10,50 and prime under $7. New mess was in light supply, with sales to the trade (some 60a70 bbls in lots) at $12. Lard—Sales of 250 barrels were reported at 8a8½c; 80 tierces of shoulders were sold on private terms. Butter—No change. Cheese—Sales of 100 casks were made at 6½c (this State.)

BALTIMORE TOBACCO MARKET.

The Baltimore Patriot says:—There has been no enquiry for Tobacco during the past week. Receipts very light, and stocks of all good lots are principally bought up. As there has been no change, we continue the old quotations as follows: Maryland $3 for inferior and common; $3a5 for good; $6a10 for fine and better qualities; Ohio common $2,50a2,50, good common $2,75a3; reds $4a10; fine wrappery red $12a20; spangled $4a10; yellow $6a12. The inspections are 47 hhds, including 21 Maryland, 21 Ohio and 5 Kentucky.

United States SATURDAY POST.

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WILLIAM A. PIERCE collects for us in Penna.

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CHAS. S. ROWLEY will receive subscribers and subscriptions for this paper in the State of Ohio.

MORTIMER T. WEBB, do. do. do. for New York State.

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FROM THE BOSTON COURIER.

THE PURITAN.

Read at the Dinner of the New England Society of New York, Dec. 22, 1847.

BY ALLEN C. SPOONER, OF BOSTON.

The old Puritan was a solemn man,
Sombre and sad were his features,
He talked through his nose and wore plain clothes,
And seemed the forlornest of creatures.

Did he happen to grin, he believed it a sin,
And took it to heart quite severely,
But should Satan provoke him to laugh at a joke,
He repented it very sincerely.

Amusements, he thought, were with mischief full fraught,
Songs and dances were nothing but evil;
While cards, dice and plays, and all Church holidays,
Were snares set for souls by the Devil.

All ornaments, too, did he strictly eschew,
They but filled him with horror and dread,
His own natural hair he would not even spare,
But wore it cropt short round his head.

Deprived of all games, his boys had odd names,
His first might be "Israel increases,"
His second, perchance, might be "Buckler and Lance"—
And another "Hew Agag in pieces."

With powers of the air, and ghosts foul and fair,
He had daily to combat and wrestle,—
Yet as mere "potter's clay," in the Lord's hand he lay—
So he spoke of himself as a "vessel."

On Sundays his house was as still as a mouse—
The highways were almost as quiet;
The church-warden stout caught the boy who was out,
And gave him the stocks and low diet.

When lads up in arms insulted their [illegible],
They were put on a par with blasphemers,
To be pelted with stones till the flesh left their bones,
Was the law for such wicked young [illegible].

The youth who would wed a coy Puritan maid,
Before the old folks had to court her,
And quite sure was he to find a huge flea
In his ear if he failed to support her.

The duty of life, then, for man and for wife,
Was to labor six days out of seven,
On the seventh, in the best of their toggery drest,
To work harder to get into Heaven.

Foul weather or fair, they were constant in prayer,
But to thrift all the time kept a squint,
And in matters of trade, when a bargain they made,
Their faces were set like a flint.

Innovations in faith they opposed unto death,
At the cart's tail they dragged the poor Quaker,
With derision and jeers they cropped heretics' ears,
And felt they were serving their Maker.

The Puritan's walk, conversation and talk
Was the very reverse of ungodly,
And Scriptural texts on the slightest pretext,
Rolled out of his mouth rather oddly.

But loud though he prayed, let a foeman invade,
All danger you'd find him defying;
Like a tiger he'd fight in defence of his right,
And the last thing he thought of was flying.

Such an odd sort of man was the old Puritan,
Whom to honor to night we assemble;
Should he only come here and sit down to our cheer,
Where's the man who could see and not tremble?

His visage severe, his manner austere,
Would freeze all the cream without trouble,
Conversation would stop, not a cork would dare pop,
Nor a glass of the rosy dare bubble.

But yet, after all, since the date of the Fall,
For most that is noble in Man,
Though you searched the world over, 'twere hard to discover
The Peer of the old Puritan.

No danger could shake, no adversity break
The faith-founded force of his will;
Oppression's stern power, even Famine's gaunt hour
Could not change him, although they might kill.

In the cause of the Cross, all his wealth was but dross;
Freely left was his dear native land;
'Mid the Ocean's fierce war, on a wild savage shore
He walked calm with his life in his hand.

'Midst terrors infernal and splendors supernal,
Lay his pathway to glory or wrath;
In the fear of his God, straight onward he trod,
With the Bible, "a lamp to his path."

Then honored be he, the strong man and free,
Whose love of the truth banished hither;
To immortal renown be his name handed down,
Wreathed with laurels that never shall wither.

And honored for aye be this festival day—
Through the land be its influence felt,
Till creation expire, and the last fatal fire,
The old Rock of Plymouth shall melt.

General News.

A CURIOUS CASE.

The New York Dispatch says that a very curious case has just come up before a special term of court in Kings county, showing that "wedlock is a ticklish thing" in more respects than has been generally considered.

A Mrs. Carpenter, living at Hempstead, Long Island, opened a New York paper one morning, and read that she had been divorced from her husband on a charge of adultery—the first notice she had ever had that any application had been made for a divorce, by her husband, or that he had charged her with this heinous crime.

It appears that one Frederick A. Wood, of Brooklyn, was the chief instrument in this transaction. He swore to having served a subpœna on the defendant, and furnished the proofs of criminality required by the Court of Chancery.

Such evidence was given, that the Court restored Mrs. Carpenter to her rights, and awarded her a counsel fee and alimony for her support.

CONGRESSIONAL LIFE.

The Boston Journal says that a winter in Washington, although full of excitement for the ardent politician or the aspiring office-seeker, can possess few attractions for a man of quiet and reflecting habits, who is fond of social intercourse and domestic enjoyments. A distinguished member of Congress, once while absent for a few days during the session, on a visit to his family, remarked to a friend that "he had felt more like a human being during the last twenty-four hours than for the previous fortnight." During the period alluded to, he said, "I mingled night and day with men—with excited politicians—and I felt every day a furious and savage disposition creeping over me—a disposition common to those who shun the softening, ennobling and refining influence of female society."

ALGERIA COTTON.

The French Minister of Commerce lately sent specimens of cotton grown in Algeria to the principal manufacturing town, with a view to ascertain its quality. The Chamber of Commerce at St. Quentein has reported favorably of the specimens received; the Chamber of Commerce at Lille also speaks in the highest terms of the Algerian cotton, and promises that cotton from the African colony will find a regular and profitable market in that district. In consequence of these favorable reports, it is said that the French Government is likely to adopt measures for promoting the growth of cotton in Algeria upon an extensive scale.

THE GREAT FIRE.

The New Jersey Supreme Court, now in session at Trenton, in the matter of the suits brought against Cornelius W. Lawrence, formerly Mayor of New York, for damages to goods blown up in the attempt to arrest the progress of the great conflagration in New York, in December, 1835, have decided that the action could not be maintained, because the damages were the result of an unavoidable necessity.

WHO OWN IT.

The New Hope and Delaware Bridge Company was chiefly owned by brokers at Columbus, Ohio, and has been used extensively in that State. The Columbus Insurance Company, at Columbus, Ohio, has owned a large interest in this bank until within a few months past, and the bills of the bank have obtained their circulation in that quarter through the agent of the Insurance Company in Cleveland, Mr. J. Morrison, broker. Recently the bank has changed hands twice, and is now nominally at least owned by Messrs. Curtis & Mitchell, Brokers, Columbus.

FATHER MATHEW.

The Journal of the American Temperance Union contains a letter from Father Mathew, which gives the following announcement:

I shall, please God, leave Ireland for my mission to the United States early in the ensuing spring; and should circumstances permit, I shall with pleasure and thankfulness avail myself of the proffered invitation of Messrs. Grinnell, Minturn & Co., to sail under the command of that zealous friend and supporter of our cause, Capt. Knight, of whose acquaintance I feel proud. I hope to reach New York in time for your anniversary meeting.

THE WESTERN FLOOD.

It is estimated that the damage by the late flood, between the Mississippi river and the Alleghany ranges, will amount to $10,000,000. At half cost, says a writer in one of the papers, $4,000,000 would not replace fences alone. At least fifteen millions of bushels of corn and other grain are wholly lost; and three hundred thousand bales of cotton, mostly unpicked, in the fields, is wholly destroyed; besides some $300,000 worth of wood, prepared for steamboat fuel.

ANOTHER EXPLOSION.

The steamer Sea Bird, from New Orleans, bound to St. Louis, and loaded with one thousand kegs of powder, took fire on Wednesday week, while near Cape Girardeau. The fire soon communicated to the powder, and caused a tremendous explosion, which was heard a distance of forty miles. The boat was blown to atoms, but fortunately the passengers escaped before the explosion took place.

FOREIGN NEWS.

ARRIVAL OF THE CALEDONIA.

The Caledonia arrived at Boston on Tuesday evening of last week, bringing Liverpool dates to the 19th ult., being fifteen days later from Europe.

There has been no change of any consequence in the prices of flour and grain—though a general improvement in tone, and a slight upward tendency is mentioned.

The general character and prospects of the grain market will doubtless be materially affected by the resumption of the sliding scale of duty on the 1st of March, of which notice has been given by the Government. The duty will oscillate upon wheat from 1s. to 10s. per quarter, and upon flour from 2s. 6d. to 6s. per bbl., adjusting itself to the rise and fall of the market. Indian Corn now free, will be subject to a duty of 1s. per quarter, and Meal to 6d. per bbl.

Cotton has declined from ⅛d. to ¼d. per lb. Operations are conducted on the most limited scale, and the market is languid.

Provisions have slightly declined. The money market is rather easier.

The French steamer New York put back to Havre on the 12th ult., with six feet water in the hold.

The Union steamer put into Cherbourg, 1st December, leaky and pump choked.

Within the last fortnight or three weeks the British Islands have been visited by a succession of tremendous gales, causing the most appalling loss of life and property on the coast. Several vessels have been wrecked, either with the whole or a portion of the crews.

The turmoil in Switzerland is brought to a final close. The Diet has decreed that the seven revolted Cantons of the League are to be held accountable for the expenses of the war and to be occupied by the Federal troops until the account is paid.

There is no intelligence of importance from France. The health of the King is bad.

Agrarian disturbances have somewhat subsided in Ireland. Father Mathew will proceed to America in the New World early in April. Mr. Liston, the eminent surgical operator, is dead.

Lord Palmerston has denied that Lord Minto was charged with any diplomatic mission to the Court of Rome. The celebrated Father Thomas Maguire, the Roman Catholic divine and controversialist, is dead.

The minimum rate of discount of the Bank of England still remains unaltered at 6 per cent., but out of doors first class paper has been freely accommodated at 5½, and even lower. Bills of inferior class have little chance, the consideration relating more to quality than to date of amount. The influx of gold and silver is unprecedentedly great.

The question of Ferrara is considered settled. The Austrians have consented to withdraw from the town into the citadel, merely maintaining a post at the gate of the Po, which they were to hold in conjunction with the Pontifical soldiers. In compliment to Austria, the Pope permitted Cardinal Ciacchi to retire to Pesaro, so that he might not be present at the evacuation of the town by the Austrians.

The English Parliament since opening has been chiefly occupied with the affairs of Ireland. The bill for the repression of crime in that country will soon become a law. It is of the most gentle character, and is expected, as the precursor of ameliorative measures, to answer the end designed. In its passage through the House of Commons, the extreme of the Irish party, headed by John O'Connell, could only muster nineteen partisans, against a majority of 226, on the second reading. Mr. Hume, who has opposed every coercion bill since he has been in Parliament, gave the present measure his unequivocal approbation, and demonstrated plainly that the bill received the support of a great majority of the Irish members themselves; as in the first stage of the bill, out of 105 Irish members, only 14 had voted against it, and on the second division, only 13; while 34 Irish members had voted for it. The constabulary force in Dublin of 400 men, is to be increased to 600; and upon a district being proclaimed by the Lord Lieutenant, an efficient constabulary will be raised on the spot, or dispatched from Dublin, and the expense will be defrayed by the district proclaimed. It will thus be the interest of a disturbed district to re-establish order. With special exceptions, the carrying of arms, or their possession by unauthorized persons, is forbidden. Arms found on suspected persons, stopped and searched by the constabulary, will be taken away and forfeited to the crown. Other stringent precautions are taken to prevent the improper use of fire arms. Constables have the power of requiring all males between 16 and 60 to assist in searching for or securing the murderers, and they who neglect this duty will be liable to imprisonment for two years; thus making the whole population responsible for the arrest of criminals.

SWITZERLAND.

The civil war may be now considered as fairly at an end, and the only thing which remains to the Federal Government, is to try those who have been concerned in the late rebellion, and accord them the punishment which may be considered commensurate with the offences they have committed. Decrees of the most stringent character have been issued by the provincial governments established in the Cantons of the Sonderbund. All the parties accused of having taken part in the late insurrection are deprived of their political rights, and declared incapable of fulfilling public functions; the Jesuits and other religious societies are forever expelled, and their property confiscated, towards defraying the expenses of the war. The heads of the revolt appear to have made the most of their time when they found affairs going against them, as the military chests on being opened were found to have been pretty generally lightened of their contents.

The principal point, however, connected with Swiss affairs has been the note presented to the Swiss Diet by the French Ambassador, at Berne, and the answer of the Diet thereto. The object of the note was to offer the mediation of the five great powers in settling the dissentions in Switzerland, an offer which it must be observed was not made until the Sonderbund had been completely conquered by the Federal forces, and compelled to an almost unconditional surrender. The reply of the Swiss Diet is a very important document. It is marked throughout by great moderation of tone, at the same time that it is characterized by much firmness.

After expressing gratitude for the solicitude felt by the great powers on behalf of Switzerland, the Diet states that it cannot accept the offer of mediation made to it, because the facts supposed by the Powers making the offer do not exist or have ceased to exist, and because the principle itself of the proposed mediation is not in harmony either with the position recognized for the Swiss nation in Europe by treaties, or with the constitution of the confederation. The mediation, says the Diet, supposes the existence of the separate league, and also of two belligerent parties, whereas such a state of things no longer exists, in consequence of the resistance of the Sonderbund having been completely subdued by the troops of the Federal Government.

The reply of the Diet then goes on to say that by placing the Sonderbund or revolted Cantons on the same footing as the Confederation and its constituted authorities by calling a representative of the Sonderbund to the proposed Conference, the Powers offering their mediation lay down a principle which Switzerland cannot admit without at the same time admitting that there are two rival Confederations, and that the Sonderbund holds a place amongst the States of Europe. Against such a principle the Diet protests in the strongest manner, as an attack upon the integrity of Switzerland, and a flagrant violation of its rights, and of the treaties which recognize its independence. The Sonderbund could not be regarded in any other light than that of a factious minority in the Swiss Confederation. The Cantons, says the note, are but the members of one body united by the same federal bond. This body—this Confederation, has interests which are common to all the Cantons. Thus Switzerland has a general Constitution—the federal compact which is above all Cantonal constitutions. To admit, therefore the principle of the offered mediation, would, continues the note, be to compromise the integrity of Switzerland. The letter of the Diet concludes by expressing a conviction that when the Five Powers shall have duly weighed the considerations which have induced it to refuse the proffered mediation, they will agree in recognizing the justice of the view taken by the Swiss Government in the affair.

Little doubt can exist that the resistance of the Sonderbund was caused by the hopes held out to them of assistance and support from some of the great powers, and this idea is confirmed by a letter published in one of the Swiss journals from the Council of War at Lucerne, to the Austrian Ambassador, acknowledging the receipt of the note in which he declared, in the name of his government, that their cause was approved of.

The provisional government of Lucerne finds itself under the necessity of endeavoring to contract a loan for the payment of the war expenses, indemnity, &c., which it has been ordered to pay by the Diet, and the governments of the other revolted Cantons will be compelled to adopt similar measures.

From Washington.

CONGRESSIONAL NEWS.

SENATE.

In the Senate on the 5th, the Senate resumed the special order of the day, being the ten regiment bill.

Mr. Crittenden moved to substitute thirty thousand volunteers, at the discretion of the President, instead of ten thousand regulars. He saw no greater reason now for increasing the forces in Mexico, one half more, than when General Scott first fought the Mexicans at Vera Cruz—the army that can conquer a country can hold possession of it—but thought that the cheapest plan would be to send there such a military array as would subdue all hostilities, and bring about an honorable peace.

Mr. Calhoun spoke in opposition to both the bill and substitute.

Mr. Jefferson Davis spoke in favor of increasing the number—thought ten regiments would not be sufficient—but preferred regulars to volunteers.

Mr. Crittenden's substitute was then rejected by the following vote:—Yeas 19, nays 26—Mr. Calhoun not voting.

On the 6th, Mr. Corwin presented a memorial from the Society of Friends of Pennsylvania, favorable to the termination of the war, and for a Congress of nations to perpetuate peace.

Mr. Miller gave notice of his intention to bring in a bill for the erection of a monument to Washington on the public grounds.

Mr. Badger, from the Military Committee, reported a bill providing for filling up vacancies in volunteer companies, and extending the bounty of $12 paid to regulars to the volunteers.

On motion of Jefferson Davis, an amendment was adopted, extending the same bounty to the 2d Regular Dragoons and the Mounted Rifles. Thus amended, the bill passed finally.

Agreeably to motion, Mr. Henry asked and obtained leave to bring in a joint resolution providing for the payment of the claims due our citizens under the Mexican treaty of 1839. It was read twice and referred to the Committee on Claims.

On motion of Mr. Cass, the Ten Regiment Bill was taken up on third reading, and the question being on its passage, Mr. Hale opposed the war and the granting of supplies of every description for carrying it on. He referred to the desire to extend the boundary, as evinced in the diplomatic correspondence on the annexation of Texas, as the cause of the war. He criticised the course of the President from the incipiency of the war to the present moment; gave the history of the Oregon business, and eulogised the President for his meekness in its termination.

On the 10th, Mr. Clayton presented petitions from members of the Society of Friends in New York, Vermont, Michigan, &c., asking for the adoption of measures to further the termination of the war.

Mr. Johnson, of Louisiana, from the Committee on Pensions, reported a bill, granting half pay to the widows and orphans of the volunteers killed in Mexico, pursuant to the recommendation in the President's message. The bill was read the first time.

Mr. Douglass introduced a bill establishing a territorial government for Oregon.

Mr. Hannegan submitted resolutions, declaring that no treaty of peace can be made with Mexico, having regard to the best interests of the United States, which does not establish as the boundary, a line most suited to a military defence; that in no contingency can the United States consent to the establishment of a monarchical government within the limits of Mexico, by the intervention of European powers; and that it may become necessary and proper, as it is within the constitutional capacity of the United States to hold Mexico as a territorial appendage. He gave notice that he would call up the resolutions this day two weeks.

The Senate then resumed the consideration of the Ten Regiment Bill, and Reverdy Johnson spoke at considerable length. He laid down four propositions, which he intended to discuss:—1st. Whether the war was honorable in its commencement, or unjust and dishonorable. 2d. Whether it had heretofore been properly prosecuted. 3d. In what manner it should be hereafter prosecuted. 4th. What are the just and honorable objects for which the war should be prosecuted? He only went through the consideration of his first proposition, and drawing a distinction between the country and the President, came to the conclusion that the war was just and honorable on the part of the country, in consequence of the wrongs received from Mexico, but that the President had unconstitutionally and rashly brought it on, and therefore he was responsible to the people for its cost, both in blood and treasure. Adjourned.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

On the 10th, on motion of Mr. Vinton, the House went into Committee of the Whole upon the state of the Union, Joseph R. Ingersoll in the chair, on the reference of the President's Message to the appropriate Committees.

Mr. McClernand addressed the Committee in a defence of the general measures of the Administration.

Mr. Stanton followed, speaking chiefly in relation to the doctrine of the late veto message, and dissenting therefrom, though he would support the war and the war measures of the Administration. Mr. Stewart, of Pennsylvania, then obtained the floor, when the Committee rose.

The House has been much occupied during the last week in discussing resolutions relative to the difficulty between the Post Master General and the Virginia Railroad—probably spending at least as much as the transportation of the mail for a whole year on the road in question would cost. The following is a summary of the proceedings relative to this matter, on the 10th.

The first business in order was the Report from the Committee of the Whole on the resolution renewing the Southern mail arrangement between Washington and Richmond.

Mr. Goggin moved to recommit the resolution to the Post Office Committee, with instructions to report to the House all the facts, with such amendments as they might deem expedient.

Mr. Brodhead moved to lay the whole subject on the table. On motion of Mr. Goggin the yeas and nays were ordered, and the motion to lay on the table was negatived—yeas 69, nays 124. On motion of Mr. Goggin, the yeas were also ordered on his motion to recommit, when Mr. Jones, of Tennessee, who was opposed to the recommitment, called for the previous question, which being sustained by a vote of 94 to 67, the main question was taken on Mr. Jones's amendment requiring the railroad company to indemnify the Bay line. The vote stood, yeas 97, nays 96, when the Speaker voted in the negative, and the amendment was rejected.

The yeas and nays were then ordered on the second amendment, providing that nothing shall be construed as requiring any increase of the expenditures of the Post Office Department, which was adopted—yeas 101, nays 91.

The resolution, as amended, was then rejected without a division.

Items of News.

American Apples.—The London Sun says:—"The arrivals of apples from the United States of America are beyond precedent in extent, and the quality is remarkably fine. In several instances vessels arriving from New York have brought as many as nearly one thousand packages of this fruit of the excellent description known as the American New Town Pippin." R. L. Pell, of Ulster, has shipped a hundred barrels of New Town Pippins to China; the first shipment of apples made to that country.

The Influenza.—Throughout the length and breadth of the British isles has this epidemic been raging, as well as in most parts of the continent of Europe. In London, nearly one half of the persons employed in public and private establishments have been laid up. On one day alone there were 180 clerks and others absent from the Post Office, and 1,200 of the police force were off duty. In the country, all classes have suffered from it.

Gallantry.—There is a place in New Hampshire where they never have any old maids. When a girl reaches 20, and is still on the ladder of expectation, the young fellows club together and draw lots for her. Those who escape, pay a bonus to the one who gets her. There's gallantry for you.

Reprimand.—The Washington Whig says, that Lieutenant Colonel Fremont, of the Mounted Rifles, has been reprimanded by the Court Martial, now in session in that city, for asking what was deemed by the Court an impertinent question.

The Memoirs of a King.—It is stated that Louis Philippe has been engaged for some time in writing, during all his leisure moments, a work in the shape of a Memoir, the title of which he calls *Mes Souvenirs.*

Our Correspondents

DO SNAKES CHARM?

Mr. Editor:—With much reluctance I offer a few remarks upon the above named subject. Did I not consider that false impressions in relation to it are inculcated by your correspondent, "A. N. S.," I would remain silent. Yet I would not question his veracity—he doubtless believes what he says to be true, and had he spoken from *personal observation*, I should have felt compelled to credit his statements. But we must not place too implicit reliance upon the statements of others, particularly of those who have no scientific knowledge of the subject upon which they speak. Mankind are prone to suffer their credulity to sway their judgment, and thus are liable to be deceived. There are thousands of persons now living to whom you could offer no greater insult than to doubt their stories in regard to the existence of ghosts, witches, &c. They have *seen* them, and are reluctant to doubt the evidence of their own senses. *It is said* that the frequent repetition of a story, which the narrator knew to be false at first, will at length induce the belief that it is true. But to "them snakes."

If it be true that snakes charm, why have such men as Audubon, Wilson, Buffon, Humboldt and numerous other eminent naturalists, who have spent a large portion of their lives in observing the nature and habits of the animal kingdom, never been so fortunate as to observe a single instance of the kind? What a strange stolidity upon this subject must have seized all our natural historians! They have detected the most minute circumstances in the habits of all other animals, yet the fact that snakes charm has entirely escaped their observation! This hardly seems reasonable.

But let us see if we cannot account for the singular cases which your correspondent has related, without admitting the power of snakes to charm. We know that the jay, the partridge, the whip-powil, and many other species of birds *instinctively* feign lameness, and utter plaintive cries when their young are in peril. Who of my readers has not often pursued them in his childhood, with the delusive hope of making them a prize? The black-snake had doubtless approached the nest of the jay, which in its anxiety to protect its young, came within reach of the snake and was seized and devoured. In like manner birds often fall a prey to cats and other animals.

The case of the squirrel can be easily accounted for, when a slight but important error of your correspondent is corrected. He says that venomous serpents never bite their prey. Here he is certainly in an error, for it is a well established fact in the natural history of this species of serpent, that *they almost invariably kill their prey in this manner*. This puts an entire new face upon matters. The actions of the squirrel indicated that it had been bitten by the snake before the narrator observed it, and its death doubtless *resulted from the effects of that bite*, and *not* from any fascinating power that the snake possessed. The death of the partridge was probably caused in the same way. Its young were probably concealed not far off, and its motion and plaintive cry were caused by its instinctive care for its young, even in the agonies of death. The credulity of the observer created the coincidence between the blows inflicted upon the snake, and the motion of the partridge.

Thus I have satisfactorily (to myself, at least,) explained the incidents related by your correspondent, without the necessity of conferring any extraordinary powers upon the serpent tribe. I will only add that for several years past I have been a close observer of nature, yet have never been so fortunate as to witness the fascinating power of snakes. Perhaps, however, the "sunny South" presents a more congenial field for the development of their "charming" powers—if so, I shall be happy to acknowledge the fact, retract the opinions above expressed, and give the "*serpent*" his due.

Alabama, N. Y. R. B. W.

Varieties.

THE PRESIDENT'S LEVEE.

A Washington correspondent of the New York Mirror, gives the following account of a Levee at the White House:

The *better-half* of the President was seated on the sofa, engaged with some half a dozen ladies in lively conversation; and though ill and clumsy at millinery, yet, for the sake of the fair readers of the *Mirror*, I will try to describe what she "had on," abstaining from the particulars and technicalities for good and sufficient reasons. A maroon colored velvet dress, with short sleeves, and modestly high in the neck, trimmed with very deep lace; and a handsome pink head-dress was all that struck the eye of the general observer. *Mr. Willis* would no doubt have noticed many other little accompaniments "interesting to our lady readers," but I never could indulge in any such profanity. Muslin is sacred. Who would think of plucking at an angel's wing, in order to give an analysis of its fibre? *Mrs. Polk* is a handsome, shrewd and sensible woman—better looking and better dressed than any of her numerous "female acquaintances" present on the occasion.

Among the "guests of distinction" were the *Hon. Cave Johnson, P. M. G.*, who bears a strong resemblance about the head to *Mr. Greeley*, of the *Tribune*; *Mr. Vinton*, of Ohio; *Commodore de Kay*, *Mr. Rockwell*, of Connecticut; a Wall street financier, who can draw a larger draft on London than any other man in the country; two or three pairs of epaulettes, a couple of pretty deaf and dumb girls, who talked with their fingers; and scores of others who only talked with their eyes; while a whole regiment of the "raw material" of the Democracy, in frock coats, stood as straight as grenadiers around the outer circle of the room, gazing in silent astonishment at the President and the chandeliers.

Without cribbing any very important "State secrets," or succeeding in getting *Mr. Polk* to pledge himself to support General Taylor through the coming campaign, I left these spacious public apartments.

ELECTRIC LIGHT.

Mr. Staite is lecturing in England on his new mode of lighting by electricity. The Literary and Philosophical Society of Sunderland gave a public soiree last November, at which his mode of lighting was the principal attraction. The *Newcastle Guardian* says:—

"The light, which was of astonishing brilliance and beauty, was placed under an air-tight glass vase. When the gas was turned down it sufficiently lighted the spacious building, and bore the closest resemblance to the great orb of day of any light which we ever witnessed. The electric light was next exhibited in a vessel of water with equal success. Mr. S. stated that it was the cheapest as well as the best for all practical purposes; and the marvellous invention was hailed with rapturous plaudits."

Its expense is (says the Tribune,) not one twentieth of the price now paid for gas, and he has taken out a second patent for the invention.

MRS. PARTINGTON'S LAST.

"Will you have a *Daily Sun*?" said a news boy to Mrs. Partington.

"Will I have a *daily son*? Why, you little scapegrace! How dare you insinuate against a lone woman from home? No, indeed, I guess I won't have a *daily son*. My poor dear man used to complain awfully when I presented him with a *yearly son*. A *daily son*, indeed! Begone, you little upstart imp!" and the old lady called for the old turkey-tail fan to keep from swooning.

Clerical Wit.—As the Reverend Mr. Field, formerly of Westminster, Vermont, went to give his vote at an election, a man of opposite politics expressed surprise at seeing him there, and to confirm his objection quoted the remark of the Saviour, that His "kingdom was not of this world." "Has no man a right to vote," rejoined the witty clergyman, "unless he belongs to the kingdom of Satan?"—*Northampton Courier.*

A Hint Respecting the Cholera and Other Infectious Diseases.—A pilgrim, says the fable, met the plague going into Smyrna.

"What are you going for?"

"To kill 3,000 people," answered the plague. Some time after they met again.

"But you killed 30,000," said the pilgrim.

"No!" answered the plague, "I killed but 3,000—*it was fear killed the rest.*"

Persian Wisdom.—It is said that in the Treasury of one of the monarchs of Persia, was found a vase, with the following lines tinged with humor as well as philosophy, inlaid in gold. "He who has no wealth, has no credit; he who has not an obedient wife, has no repose; he who has no offspring, has no strength; he who has none of these, *lives free from every care.*"

☞ That was an attractive advertisement for capitalists which we saw the other day in an Albany paper: "Wanted, the sum of five hundred dollars, to go on a spree!"—*Knickerbocker Mag.*

Clippings.

☞ Since the formation of the Parent Washington Total Abstinence Society of Boston, in April, 1841, fifty-six thousand three hundred and eighty-one persons have signed the pledge of the Society.

☞ We caution our friends against taking Chester County Bank notes, as the *stolen notes* have not yet been recovered, and the object of the Bank is to withdraw its present circulation.

☞ Mexican Generals dress well, if they do not fight bravely. Gen. Valencia's full uniform is said to be worth $20,000, being loaded with gold and diamonds.

☞ According to the Boston Traveller, the amount of specie brought by the Caledonia was only £2,000, or about $10,000.

☞ The National loss of Great Britain from the potato disease is estimated at £33,000,000.

☞ The Washington Union says:—"It is believed that Gen. Scott was, at the last advices, about to despatch two columns to the mining districts, to occupy two of the richest mines within reach of the city—to be supported by a common column."

☞ It is stated that Fanny Elssler is going to re-visit this country.

☞ Dr. P. Ellsworth, of Hartford, has performed amputation of the thigh upon a patient who felt no pain whilst the operation was going on, having been placed under the influence of nitrous oxide vapor (laughing gas.) Ether was first tried, but without success.

☞ The small pox continues to exist in Newbury, Vt., and its neighborhood, and several additional deaths are mentioned. The people had, apparently, generally neglected vaccination.

☞ Gen. Pierce intends, it is said, to resign his commission in the Army. His domestic affairs urgently induce him to take this step.

☞ A bill authorizing the Banks of Virginia to issue notes of a smaller denomination than five dollars, has passed the House of Delegates of that State.

☞ The Bostonians have shipped a fire engine, built for the Turkish Government.

☞ A physician attending lectures in Paris, says that he analysed a bottle of the lowest priced wine there, (Paris)—*Vin Ordinaire of laborers, &c.*, and found that it contained a quantity of the *Sugar of Lead.*

☞ Louis Philippe entered on the 6th of October last upon his 75th year, having been born on 6th of October, 1773.

☞ It is stated that the French house of Delrue & Co., of Dunkirk, has completed an arrangement with the government of the Republic of Venezuela, for the introduction of 60,000 immigrants, chiefly from Germany, Switzerland and Belgium. The contractors are to receive a grant of 812,000 square miles, with various privileges, and are to pay the expense of the voyage from Europe.

☞ Poor Aunt Betsey could never avoid her oddities in language, even when she meant to be most solemn. Oh! said she, if you could have seen the sea at Rockaway Beach! Oh! how the waves came rolling in—*equal to the general court*.

☞ Mr. Benjamin Story, a distinguished financier of New Orleans, died on the night of the 25th ultimo, leaving a fortune of from $300,000 to $1,000,000.

☞ It is said that at Boston the street dirt sells annually for $30,000—being vastly more than the income derived from some gold mines.

☞ There have been more bears killed in Michigan the past season than any previous season. In Ionia county alone upwards of two hundred have been "laid to the land." One Indian killed twelve in one day.

☞ In London there are booksellers who only deal in works on astrology and magic, for which a regular and active demand is said to exist.

☞ A strong argument for the Anti-Capital-Punishment men is seen in the fact that a lawyer in England, transported three years ago for forgery, has been found to be innocent, and sent for. When convicted he had a practice worth $15,000 a year. A few years ago he would have been hanged.

☞ A young lady, scarcely seventeen years of age, committed suicide a few days since in St. Louis, because her father prevented her from adopting the stage for a profession.

☞ It is understood that Mr. Clay will address the American Colonization Society at Washington on the occasion of their anniversary, on Tuesday evening next, the 18th inst. He is President of the Society, and will preside on the occasion.

☞ The Erie Gazette, noticing the reports prejudical to the Erie Bank, says the institution is one of the soundest and safest in the country.

☞ It is reported that Gen. Scott has requested that all officers on leave of absence, should be ordered to return to duty.

☞ The Court Martial, on Saturday week, refused to answer the question of Col. Fremont, whether Gen. Kearney was not the author of certain questions. Mr. Benton denounced Gen. Kearney in very warm terms—which caused much consternation among the Court and witnesses, when the room was cleared.

DR. PEERY'S.
VERMIFUGE, OR "DEAD SHOT," FOR WORMS.

A highly valuable preparation, capable from the promptitude of its action, of clearing the system in a few hours of every worm.

This preparation has the peculiar advantage of not only destroying every worm, but also of producing a healthy action of the stomach and other organs of digestion, thereby relieving many complaints arising from a derangement of the digestive organs.

BALTIMORE, June 30, 1846.

I certify that Dr. Peery's Dead Shot is the best Vermifuge of the present day, for after using several others without effect, I was induced to make trial of this, and the result was an immediate discharge of worms; in the first case 30, in the second 15, and in the third 3 worms; subsequent operations brought away more, and in all 135 worms from one child. The result is the perfect restoration of my child to health.

ANN LEPSON STEWART,
Corner of Cove and Raborg street.

Price 25 cents per vial.

Prepared and sold by A. B. & D. SANDS, Druggists, 100 Fulton street, New York.

Sold also by Ashbey & Dickson, corner of Fifth and Spruce streets, Philadelphia, and by Druggists generally throughout the United States.

Price $1 per bottle. Six bottles for five dollars.

DR. JACKSON'S PILE AND TETTER EMBROCATION has gained a reputation never before equalled by any medicine—it is WARRANTED to cure!!!

☞ SCARPA'S ACOUSTIC OIL will cure *Deafness, Pain, the Discharge of Matter from the Ears, &c.*

These medicines have cured more persons than all others combined. For sale by Dr. D. JAYNE, No. 8 South Third street, Philadelphia. Also, by Carter, Wilson & Co., Boston; Alex. Jayne's, Pittsburg, and J. W. Sheppard, Cincinnati. nov 27-eowtf

Bank Note List.

CORRECTED FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY R. JOHNSTON, BROKER
No. 24 South Third Street.
Philadelphia, January 15, 1848.

PENNSYLVANIA	
Philadelphia banks	par
U. S. bank notes	15 dis
Girard do	par
Chambersburg	1 dis
York	1 dis
Berks county	no sale
Gettysburg	1½ dis
Carlisle	1½ dis
Lewistown	no sale
Brownsville	1½ dis
Pittsburg	1 dis
Waynesburg	2 dis
Washington	1½ dis
Erie	—
Susquehanna county	50 dis
Lebanon	par
Lehigh county bank	—
Towanda	no sale
Honesdale	1½ dis
Harrisburg	1 dis
West Branch	1½ dis
Wyoming	1½ dis
Middletown	1 dis
Northampton	no sale
Schuylkill Haven	par
Pottsville	par
Relief notes	2 dis
NEW JERSEY	
Trenton, M't Holly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par
Plainfield	—
Newark, Newtown, Patterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvidere, Elizabethtown, Dov'r, Rawway, P'th Amboy	½ dis
N. Hope, Del. Bridge	60 dis
Yard Del. Bridge co.	10 dis
DELAWARE	
All solvent banks	par
MARYLAND	
Baltimore banks	1 dis
Mineral bank	1 dis
Salisbury	no sale
Frederick county	½ dis
Cumberland	1 dis
Washington county	1 dis
Hagerstown	1 dis
Havre-de-Grace	5 dis
Far. and Millers bk.	no sale
DIST. OF COLUMBIA	
All solvent banks	½ dis
NEW YORK	
City banks	par
Com. Bank, N. Y.	2 dis
Bank of Lyons	2 dis
Lewis co. bank,	2 dis
Canal bk. Lockport	2 dis
White Plains bk	2 dis
Tonawanda	40 dis
Clinton county	2 dis
Com. bk. Buffalo	2 dis
Com. bk. Owego	2 dis
Owego	30 dis
Millers', Cape	15 dis
James bank	40 dis
Atlas bank	40 dis
Northern Ex. bk	40 dis
Country banks	2½ dis
MAINE	
All solvent banks	1 dis
NEW HAMPSHIRE	
All solvent banks	1 dis
VERMONT	
Bank of St. Albans	3 dis
All solvent banks	1 dis
CONNECTICUT	
All solvent banks	½ dis
MASSACHUSETTS	
All solvent banks	½ dis
RHODE ISLAND	
All solvent banks	½ dis
CANADA	
Montreal	5 dis
VIRGINIA	
Bk. of Va. & branch's	1 dis
Far. Bk. & branch's	do dis
Valley Bk. & branch	do dis
Ex. Bk. & branches	do dis
Wheeling	do dis
NORTH CAROLINA	
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
SOUTH CAROLINA	
So. West. R. R.	2 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	3 dis
GEORGIA	
Bank of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Central Bk. of Mill.	1½ dis
Georgia R. R. Co.	1½ dis
Ruckersville Bk'g Co.	—
All solvent banks	1½ dis
Small notes	2 dis
ALABAMA	
Bank of Mobile	2½ dis
Country banks	5 dis
MISSISSIPPI	
All banks	unc
LOUISIANA	
All solvent banks	2 dis
FLORIDA	
So. Life & Trust Co.	—
OHIO	
Com. Bk. of Scioto	15 dis
All solvent banks	2 dis
Small notes	4 dis
KENTUCKY	
Notes	2 dis
Small notes	2½ dis
INDIANA	
State bank	2 dis
ILLINOIS	
Bank of Illinois	80 dis
State bank	70 dis
Bank of Cairo	—
MISSOURI	
All solvent banks	2 dis
TENNESSEE	
All solvent banks	6 dis
MICHIGAN	
Bank of St. Clair	no sale
Farmers' & Mech's	6 dis
ARKANSAS	
All banks	no sale
WISCONSIN	
Mineral Point	—
Bank of Milwaukie	—
IOWA	
Miners' bank	—

ALMANAC.

Jan. 1848.	Sun rises	Sun sets	High water	Moon's phases
15 Saturday,	7 16	4 44	9 46	
16 Sunday,	7 15	4 45	10 42	D. H. M.
17 Monday,	7 15	4 45	11 39	
18 Tuesday,	7 14	4 46	12 33	
19 Wedn'sday,	7 13	4 47	1 17	New 6 6 37
20 Thursday,	7 12	4 48	2 1	First 13 6 16
21 Friday,	7 11	4 49	2 44	Full 20 6 35
22 Saturday,	7 10	4 50	3 32	Last 28 6 29

STATE OF THE THERMOMETER.

		9 o'clock.	12 o'clock.	3 o'clock.
Jan.	2,	44	48	50
	3,	37	42	45
	4,	42	47	47
	5,	32	37	39
	6,	32	35	35
	7,	26	30	30
	8,	32	41	42

Married,

On the 2d inst. by the Rev. G. F. J. Jaeger, of Hamburg, Mr. Charles Shomo, of Hamburg, Berks county, Pa. to Miss Phebe George, of Greenwich, Berks county, Pa.

On the 29th ultimo, by the Rev. J. R. Nichols, Mr. Henry Snyder, to Miss Mary Ann Lewis, all of this city.

On the 30th ult. at the house of Mrs. Janette Latch, in Lower Merion, by the Rev. N. H. Cornell, Mr. John C. Ott, of Lower Merion, to Miss Sarah A. Hoffman, both of the same place.

On the 6th inst. by the Rev. David W. Bartine, of Camden, Mr. John B. Bradfield, of Philadelphia, to Miss Mary C. Leach, of Atlantic county, N. J.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. J. H. Fowles, Mr. Wm. Furey, to Miss Ellen Parry, all of this city.

On the 9th of March last, by the Rev. O. Douglass, Mr. Mark R. Alberson, to Miss Caroline Lawrence, all of this city.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John L. Tatt, Mr. Wm. Andrews, to Miss Elizabeth D. Durell, all of Philadelphia.

On the 6th inst. at St. Joseph's Church, by the Rev. Father McMullen, Mr. J. S. Beam, to Miss Johana Strebele, both of this city.

On the 1st inst. by Ald. C. Breuer, Mr. William C. Phillips, to Miss Elizabeth Hughs, both of Philadelphia county.

By the same, on the 6th inst. Mr. Jacob Herring, to Miss Dorothea Hynkman, both of this city.

At the Black Horse Hotel, Philadelphia, on 1st mo., 5d, by John Swift, Mayor, Dell Pennel, of Delaware county, to Sarah May Hill, of Philadelphia county.

On the 25th of Oct. last, by Mayor John Swift, Jos. Way, to Emily R. Douglass, daughter of Capt. Jacob M. Douglass, both of this city.

On the 6th inst. at St. Luke's Church, by the Rev. Mr. Howe, Mr. Charles B. Mallery, of Maryland, to Miss Josephine R. daughter of the late John Purdon, of this city.

On the 5th inst. by the Rev. T. Stork, Mr. Peter Sides, to Miss Emma M. daughter of Jacob Peters, Esq. all of this city.

On the 29th ult. at West Alexander, Pa., Mr. Lewis Boileau, formerly of Philadelphia county, to Miss Mary J. Sallyards, of Wheeling, Va.

On the 1st of Aug. inst. by the Rev. J. L. Grant, Mr. Thomas Williams, to Miss Rhoda Stradling, all of Philadelphia.

On the 4th inst. by the Rev. E. Neville, Mr. John F. Veale, of Brandywine Hundred, Del. to Miss Julia G. Hibbert, of Marcus Hook, Pa.

Died,

On the 7th inst. Jacob Strattan, aged 36 years.
On the 7th inst. Wm. Warner, Jr. aged 27 years.
On the 7th inst. Peter Frank, aged 56 years.
On the 8th inst. Elizabeth Jane, daughter of Danl. and Rebecca Hook, aged 7 years.
On the 9th inst. Mary O'Daniel, aged 67 years.
On the 8th inst. Jane McMeran, aged 45 years.
On the 8th inst. John Miller.
On the 9th inst. Miss Mary G. Sailer, aged 20.
On the 8th inst. Mary L. Diffenbacher, aged 4 years and 10 months.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. Margaret Synnamon.
On the 7th inst. John Andrew, Jr. aged 56 years.
On the 9th inst. Thomas Moony, aged 36 years.
On the 8th inst. Mrs. Mary Snyder, aged 59 years.
On the 9th inst. Mrs. Hannah Keim, aged 58 years.
On the 8th inst. Mrs. Helen C. Lund, aged 29.
At Vera Cruz, Mexico, on the 12th ult. Lieut. Andrew M. Law, son of Smith Law, of this city, aged 22 years and 6 months.
In this city, on the 7th inst. Mr. George A. Gates, of Mississippi.
On the 7th inst. Mrs. Margaret McLaughlin, aged 62 years.
On the 6th inst. Lewis F. Myers, aged 20 years.
On the 7th inst. John Shain, aged 22 years.
On the 5th inst. Elizabeth Jones, aged 60 years.
On the 6th inst. Mrs. Sarah, wife of Robert Blain, aged 21 years.
On the 6th inst. John P. Oliver, son of Lewis S. and Sophia Morris, aged 5 years and 7 months.
On the 5th inst. Mary Ann, wife of Chas. Beavers, aged 27 years.
On the 7th inst. William H. Miller, aged 17 years, 11 months and 6 days.
On the 7th inst. Henry Cartwright, son of Wm. E. and Mary Chevans, aged 4 years.
On the 7th inst. John Brannon, aged 11 months.
Mrs. Catharine Leuter, aged 73 years.
On the 7th inst. Wm. J. Harvey, aged 22 years.
In N. York, on the 3d inst. Wm. H. Underwood, of Bermuda, late a resident of this city.
On the 7th instant, Francis E. P. Ireland, aged 2 years and 9 months.
On the 5th inst. John Rafferty, aged 15 years.
On the 5th inst. Thomas Rogers, aged 43 years.
On the 5th inst. John Johnston, aged 62 years.
On the 6th inst. George Brooks, aged 69 years.
On the 6th inst. Catharine daughter of Edward and Ann Harley, aged 2 years and 3 months.
On the 6th inst. John S. Cline, aged 26 years.
On the 5th inst. Mr. John Cunningham, aged 71.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 27th December to the 1st January.

December 27, received from			
A. Wilson	$2 00	T. M. Campbell	2 00
Dr. B. F. Schmuck	2 00	A. J. Clark	1 00
D. Runkle	2 00	J. Tombs	10 00
J. Chaney	2 00	A. Miller	1 25
D. Jones	10 00	J. Morse	1 00
A. Schreiber	5 00	D. L. Hans	4 00
Mrs. L. R. Catlin	2 00	A. Langworthy	5 00
O. Taylor	1 25	J. W. Pratt	5 00
F. A. Duval	3 00	S. P. Duncan	4 00
B. Berry	2 00	J. W. Aspell	2 00
J. Newkirk	4 00	S. H. Gibbs	5 00
S. H. Johnson	2 00	G. W. Hinkley	5 00
W. W. Waddel	5 00	J. Baker	5 00
M. H. Miller	2 00	A. H. Fitch	15 00
J. M. Trumble	3 00	R. Bard	2 00
J. McCune	1 00	E. Cadwell	5 00
R. F. Reimund	15 00	A. H. Black	5 00
W. Stewart	2 00	W. McCausland	5 00
W. Homan	2 00	J. S. Lang	5 00
W. Sharp	5 00	T. Read	2 00
E. T. Ellett	5 00	G. W. Roll	2 00
M. Black	2 00	W. Wilson	5 00
S. McClanachan	2 00	N. Dewey	6 00
L. C. Keck & Co.	20 00	Capt. Lyons	3 00
A. Stollenwerck	10 00	Lydia Belding	5 00
T. Leimbach	6 25	G. Woodward	12 00
S. R. Hoover	2 00	Miss F. B. Turner	2 00
D. M. Elwood	31 00	A. H. Budd & Co.	15 00
December 28.			
W. T. Shannon	2 00	R. H. Yates	10 00
J. Ginn	4 00	A. Kilbourne	3 00
J. Howe	2 00	R. Haines	5 00
N. Tompkins	75	L. A. Sheppard	11 25
S. P. Johnson	2 00	W. R. Griffith	4 00
M. P. Tucker	5 00	A. Hendrickson	2 00
S. H. Lester	2 00	Miss L. D. Love	2 00
C. S. Bristol	5 00	Mrs. F. B. Taylor	2 00
R. H. Champion	2 00	D. C. Wurts & Co.	15 00
R. Gleason & Co.	5 00	A. D. Vinton & Co.	5 00
J. H. Harrison	8 00	L. H. Malone	2 00
F. L. Goble	5 00	W. C. Butson	2 00
N. S. Andrews	5 00	H. D. Small & Co.	20 00
T. W. Flower	6 25	Mrs. W. S. Butler	2 00
December 29.			
J. M. Frederick	2 00	R. Roworth	2 00
C. F. Cunningham	5 00	G. A. Davenport	1 00
S. Hartman	5 00	W. Griswold	20 00
J. Runyon	2 00	J. A. Gilfillan	1 00
Squire Bassett	10 00	Miss E. Hallet	5 00
T. Benningham	2 00	D. O. Scott	3 00
L. Bottenburg	4 00	J. B. Odell	3 00
E. H. Wilcox	2 00	Reading-Room K. I.	2 00
C. S. Rowley	15 75	C. F. Schramm	10 00
J. Wilson	6 00	F. Rodolf	2 00
C. Brubaker	1 37	J. Mintus	5 00
G. C. Seaton	15 00	J. P. Lansdown	2 00
E. Wheeler	2 00	I. C. Carlin & Co.	30 00
N. Maltby	7 50	D. R. Shultz & Co.	15 00
December 30.			
J. McIlravey	2 00	L. L. Foulke	2 00
C. R. Cortright	3 00	A. M. Cooper	2 00
J. Middleton	8 00	A. Sherwin	2 00
E. W. Lukens	1 50	J. E. Kendall	10 00
A. P. Megrath	40 00	Mrs. W. Bartlett	3 00
F. M. Carter	10 00	L. Conant	2 00
A. Britton	10 00	R. Allen	3 00
J. Stevens	3 00	R. Dean	3 00
G. Johnson	5 00	J. Griffith	2 00
W. Slade	10 00	P. B. Harry	2 00
C. S. Hubbard	4 00	T. Stephenson	2 00
M. H. Smith	10 00	Miss T. F. Baker	2 00
H. Grabus	4 00	B. N. Bond & Co.	10 00
G. Gibson	1 25		
December 31.			
H. Bisbing	2 00	I. Hall	5 00
W. C. & C. C. McIntosh	3 50	A. Tanner	10 00
M. Marshall	2 00	J. S. Grenell	2 00
L. Twaddell	2 00	J. C. Vorse	10 00
D. K. Kellerman	12 00	C. Sherman	5 00
J. B. Reed	2 00	C. S. Brainerd	2 00
J. Plummer	5 00	T. W. Goodsell	54 50
Sophia Fitzhugh	5 00	H. B. Stevens	37 00
W. L. McMurray	3 00	C. Griffin	2 00
Maj. D. Berry	2 00	I. C. Parry	5 00
A. White	2 00	F. Hoeckley	2 00
I. W. Patton	5 00	Miss C. R. Hunter	2 00
L. Runyon	11 00	Mrs. B. C. Wilson	2 00
J. S. Pringle	5 00	D. H. Pyle, Jr.	3 00
January 1.			
R. C. Shermer & Co.	32 00	J. Dew Wright	10 00
L. G. Whitby & Co.	13 00	T. W. O. Bradlett	2 00
G. Kemble	2 00	W. Stark	2 00
W. W. Stephens	2 00	G. Manning	15 00
E. Favrous	2 00	A. Brunneman	3 00
J. L. M. Adams	2 00	N. Kingman	2 00
T. M. Cain	15 00	A. Yates	5 00
A. Stollenwerck	5 00	A. Barrows	9 00
C. C. Scott	5 00	D. L. C. Eaton	15 00
M. Y. Dragoo	2 00	A. R. Seamans	2 00
W. Bargelt	2 00	J. Gregory	10 00
J. M. Redmond	10 00	J. Moore	5 00
E. W. Parker	5 00	Abigail Wallin	30 00
B. Brown	2 00	H. W. Hoffman	2 00
W. Dunn	2 00	R. L. Cline	5 00

HARDWARE.

MOORE, HEYL & CO. are now receiving from the EUROPEAN and AMERICAN MANUFACTURERS their Spring Stock of HARDWARE and CUTLERY, comprising a complete assortment, to which they call the attention of their friends and others visiting Philadelphia to purchase. jan 8-4m*

TYPE FOR SALE.

ONE LARGE FOUNT OF BOURGEOIS TYPE, in good condition. Apply to the Proprietors of this paper.

REMOVAL.
E. G. A. BAKER, MANUFACTURER OF JEWELLERY.

HAS Removed from No. 7 Cherry Street, to No. 57 NORTH FOURTH, corner of Branch Street, where dealers in Jewellery will find constantly on hand and manufacturing a general assortment of Jewellery, which will be sold on the most reasonable terms. ja30

THE UNITED STATES SATURDAY POST may be obtained, weekly, at REDDING & CO'S Periodical Depot, No. 1, STATE STREET, BOSTON, W. H. GRAHAM, Tribune Office, NEW YORK, OR MILTON BOULEMET, MOBILE, ALA.

NEW PROSPECTUS.

GREAT INCREASE OF CIRCULATION.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Proprietors of the Saturday Evening Post return their thanks to the friends of morality and pure literature, for the very liberal support they have extended to them during the past year. And they have the gratification of announcing to them that the circulation of the Post has been during that period

STEADILY AND RAPIDLY INCREASING.

It has been the design of the Publishers of the Post, (and if they may believe the testimony of many witnesses, it is one in which they have already succeeded) to make the Saturday Evening Post, beyond all contradiction, the

BEST WEEKLY PAPER

in America. No other Paper has such a talented corps of regular contributors; as will be seen when we mention the names of T. S. Arthur, Esq., Grace Greenwood, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Mrs. C. H. Butler, Mrs. Mary Noel MacDonald, F. E. F., Helen W. Irving, Anna Fleming, Lydia Jane Peirson, Harry Hartman, Mary Davenant, T. Hempstead, Henry Morford, D. L. Roath, &c., &c. In addition to the productions of these writers, we are studious in selecting for our columns the best articles in the

FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC MAGAZINES.

The Agricultural department of the Post is carefully filled with the most interesting articles that appear in the various Agricultural journals.

THE MERCANTILE DEPARTMENT.

Every week we furnish our readers with an accurate account of the condition of the Philadelphia Markets—the prices and sales of Country Produce, &c., and the Cattle Market. Our Bank Note List is also carefully corrected weekly, and the prices of various stocks given. CAREFUL ATTENTION WILL BE GIVEN TO THIS IMPORTANT DEPARTMENT OF THE PAPER, TO MAKE IT ACCURATE AND RELIABLE.

PORTRAITS AND PICTURES.

Portraits of distinguished men, and pictures of remarkable places and events, are among the attractions of the Post. And we endeavor always to have some such embellishment in our columns, to add to their variety and beauty.

THE FIRESIDE FRIEND.

We shall thus endeavor to maintain in the future, the proud title the Post has acquired of being peculiarly a family paper and the Fireside Friend—the friend also of Morality, Virtue, Public Improvement and National Advancement.

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TO TAILORS.

THE PHILADELPHIA FASHIONS AND Tailors Archetypes are published quarterly by S. A. & A. F. WARD, *No. 62 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.*

This work embraces a system of Garment Cutting, viz: Ward's Protractor System, invented by Allen Ward and patented by him June 16, 1821. The present proprietors are the sons and successors of the patentee, whose success in perpetuating the wide spread fame of this highly popular system and publication, may be learned from a thousand testimonials of which the following extracts are short specimens:

Newton, Va., April 5, 1847.

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Newman, Ga., March 25, 1847.

I have used your system some 15 years, and can safely say it excels any other now published for accuracy and style. G. W. Vaughn.

Oxford, N. C., Sept. 25, 1847.

I had Ward's rule for some time, but ceased to use it, thinking perhaps that some of the *new fangled notions* would answer a better purpose; but I find such is not the case, they misfit too often. James L. Fisher.

The Plate for this Fall and Winter contains a correct and spirited likeness of Gen. Z. Taylor, (from Atwood's celebrated picture,) together with that of Gen. Worth and Col. May. This is considered the most perfect picture yet offered to the trade. Terms $5.00 per year for subscription. The work and apparatus sent by mail at magazine postage to any part of the U. S. Tailors wishing to subscribe will please address a line to the publishers. S. A. & A. F. WARD,

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feb 19-tf ANDREW E. CHAMBERS.

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It may truly be said, that no one has ever been so successful in compounding a medicine, which has done so much to relieve the human family, to rob disease of its terrors, and restore the Invalid to Health and comfort, as the *Inventor and Proprietor* of that most deservedly popular family medicine, Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, and none has been so generally patronized by the Profession and others, both in this country and in Europe, nor has there ever been so great an effort in the short space of only six or seven years, to deceive the credulous and unthinking, by putting up Nostrums of various kinds, by various individuals, affixing the name of Wild Cherry and as much of the name of the *original preparation* as will screen them from the lash of the law, and *one* of the Impostors who puts out the common *paregoric* of the shops and calls it the Balsam of Wild Cherry, has had the *impudence* to caution the public against the *Original Preparation*, Dr. Swayne's Compound Syrup of Wild Cherry, which is doing so much good in the world.

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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE PEOPLE'S JOURNAL.

THE TRAPPER GIRL.

BY J. P. DOUGLASS.

[In some of the English coal mines are children, from five to seven years of age—many of them girls—employed as trappers. Their duty consist in opening a species of trap-door, at stated periods, for the passage of the wagons; and on their care and vigilance depend the safety of the mine, and the lives of those engaged in it.]

'Twas the glorious summer time—
The time of fruits and flowers—
The hum of the drony bee was heard,
And the sky was glad with many a bird,
Singing through the golden hours,
Caroling in the sunny air
Without ever a thought of care;
And the butterfly, like a fairy sprite,
Solitary in its delight,
Flutter'd among the purple bowers:—
Glory and beauty and love and mirth,
Garlanded Summer in her birth.

I lay on a primrose bank,
Where a sparkling river roll'd;
I drowsily lay and listened its tone,
Which floated through the burning noon
Like a magic strain of old:
I listen'd its calm delicious sound,
While the gorgeous sunlight flashed around,
And half bethought me 'twas the time
I had read in many an ancient rhyme,
The famous age of gold:
But a sterner vision o'er me crept,
The while in Fancy's lap I slept.

Methought I stood within
The dark and dismal mine;
Where—many a hundred fathoms down—
Mammon sits with sable crown,
And Sceptre of diamond shine;
Where—gathering lavish spoils for him,
Periling health and life and limb—
In gloomy caverns drear and dank,
Nursed amid vapors foul and rank,
His lowly bondmen pine;
The many worms, whose threads are spun
To furnish the silken garb of one.

In a gallery long and black
As the blackness of the tomb,
Silent and sad, I saw a child—
A little girl of aspect mild,
Mild, yet full of gloom;
A calm and gentle looking thing,
As should large joy to a mother bring;
But on her brow and face so wan
Was writ—ay, writ by the finger of man—
Her most unrighteous doom;—
The doom of early want and care,
Like a mildew on the promise there.

The many hopes and joys,
The instinct of her years;
The golden glories, dimly veiled
In her heart's depths, which darkly swell'd
With unimaginable fears;
The simple friendships, loves, and ties,
The impulses and sympathies,
The aspirations and the pride
Of childhood—all to her denied;
Denied in very tears.
A blighted, bruised and shattered thing,
In her young beauty's blushing spring.

Day and month and year,
In gloomy bondage there;
An alien from the kindly hearth,
From all the pure and bright of earth—
The sky and the Summer air:
Despised, degraded, but withal
Feeling the iron in her soul,
Till womanhood's brow is pale with wrong,
And nature sinks beneath the thong
And burden of despair;
Forging wealth for Dives!—and doom
That shall outlast his brazen tomb.

And thus the world goes round—
So ages wax and wane;
Many gather who do not plant—
Many toil in woe and want—
Many wear the chain—
Right is subject unto might—
Darkness holds the place of Light—
Error triumphs o'er Truth—
Justice sickens in her youth—
Wisdom speaks in vain:
But a better time is coming fast;
And Right shall rule the world at last!

Humorous Sketch.

TAKING THE CENSUS.

The collection of statistical information concerning the resources and industry of the country—by the assistant marshals who were employed to take the last census, (1840,) was a very difficult work. The popular impression that a tremendous tax would soon follow the minute investigation of the private affairs of the people, caused the census-taker to be viewed in no better light than that of a tax gatherer; and the consequence was, that the information sought by him was either withheld entirely, or given with great reluctance.

The returns therefore made by the marshals exhibited a very imperfect view of the wealth and industrial progress of the country. In some portions of the country the excitement against the unfortunate officers—who were known as the "*chicken men*"—made it almost dangerous for them to proceed with the business of taking the census; and bitter were the taunts, threats, and abuse which they received on all hands, but most particularly from the old women of the country. The dear old souls could not bear to be catechised about the produce of their looms, poultry yards, and dairies; and when they did "come down" upon the unfortunate inquisitor, it was with a force and volubility that were sure to leave an impression. We speak from experience, and feelingly on this subject; for it so happened, that the Marshal of the Southern District of Alabama, "reposing especial confidence" in our ability, invested us one day with all the powers of assistant marshal, and arming us with the proper quantity of blanks, sent us forth to count the noses of all the men, women, children, and chickens, resident upon those nine hundred square miles of rough country which constitute the country of Tallapoosa. Glorious sport! thought we; but it didn't turn out so. True we escaped without any drubbings, although we came unpleasantly near catching a dozen, and only escaped by a very peculiar knack we have of "sliding out;" but then we were quizzed, laughed at, abused, and nearly drowned. Children shouted "Yonder goes the chicken man!" Men said, "Yes, blame him, he'll be after the *taxes* soon;"—and the old women threatened, if he came to inquire about their chickens, "to set the dogs on him," while the young women observed "they didn't know what a man wanted to be so partic'lar about gals' ages for, without he was a gwine a courtin'." We have some reminiscences of our official peregrinations that will do to laugh at now, although the occurrences with which they are connected were, at the time, anything but mirth inspiring to us.

We rode up one day to the residence of a widow rather past the prime of life—(just that period at which nature supplies most abundantly the oil which lubricates the hinges of the female tongue)—and hitching to the fence, walked into the house.

"Good morning, madam," said we, in our usual bland, and somewhat insinuating manner.

"Mornin'," said the widow gruffly.

Drawing our blanks from their case, we proceeded—"I am the man, madam, that takes the census, and—"

"The mischief you are!" said the old termagant. "Yes, I've heard of you. Parson W. told me you was coming, and I told him just what I tell you, that if you said "cloth," "soap," or "chickens," to me, I'd set the dogs on ye. Here, Bull! here, Pomp!" Two wolfish curs responded to the call for Bull and Pomp, by coming to the door, smelling at our feet with a slight growl, and then laid down on the steps. "Now," continued the old she savage, "them's the severest dogs in the country. Last week Bill Stonecker's two year old steer jumped my yard fence, and Bill and Pomp tuk him by the throat, and they killed him afore my boys could break 'em loose, to save the world."

"Yes, ma'am," said we, meekly; "Bull and Pomp seem to be very fine dogs."

"You may well say that; what I tells them to do they do—and If I was to sick them on your old horse yonder, they'd eat him up afore you could say Jack Roberson. And its jist what I shall do, if you try to pry into my consarns. They are none of your business, nor Van Buren's nuther, I reckon. Oh, old Van Buren! I wish I had you here, you old rascal! I'd show you what—I'd—I'd make Bull and Pomp show you how to be sendin' out men to take down what little stuff people's got jist to tax it, when its taxed enough already!"

All this time we were perspiring through fear of the fierce guardians of the old widow's portal. At length, when the widow paused, we remarked that as she was determined not to answer questions about the produce of the farm, we would just set down the age, sex, and complexion of each member of her family.

"No such a thing—you'll do no such a thing," said she; "I've got five in family, and that's all you'll git from me. Old Van Buren must have a heap to do, the drattel old villyan, to send you to take down how old my children is. I've got five in family, and they are all between five and a hundred years old, they are all a plaguy sight whiter than you, and whether they are *he* or *she*, is none of your consarns."

We told her we should report her to the marshal, and she would be fined, but it only augmented her wrath.

"Yes! send your marshal, or your Mr. Van Buren, here, if you're bad off to—let 'em come—let Mr. Van Buren come"—(looking as savage as a Bengal tigress)—"Oh, I wish he would come"—and her nostrils dilated, and her eyes gleamed—"I'd cut his head off."

"That might kill him," we ventured to remark, by way of joke.

"Kill him! kill him—oh—if I had him here by the years I reckon I would kill him. A pretty fellow to be eating his vittils out'n gold spoons that poor people's taxed for, and raisin' an army to get him made king of Ameriky—the audacious—nasty, stinking, old scamp." She paused a moment, and then resumed. "And now, mister, jist put down what I tell you on that paper, and don't be telling no lies to send to Washington city. Jist put down "Judy Tompkins, ageable woman—and four children."

We objected to making any such entry, but the old hag vowed that it should be done, to prevent any misrepresentation of her case. We, however, were pretty resolute, until she appealed to the couchant whelps, Bull and Pomp. At the first glimpse of their teeth, our courage gave way, and we made the entry in a bold hand across a blank schedule—"Judy Tompkins, ageable woman, and four children."

We now begged the old lady to dismiss her canine friends, that we might go out and depart; and forthwith mounting our old black, we determined to give the old soul a parting fire. Turning half round, in order to face her, we shouted:

"Old 'oman!"

"Who told you to call me old 'oman, you long-legged, hatchet-faced whelp, you? I'll make the dogs take you off that horse if you give me any more sarse. What do you want?"

"Do you want to get married?"

"Not to you, if I do!"

Placing our right thumb on the nasal extremity of our countenance, we said, "You needn't be uneasy, old 'un, on that score—thought you might suit bandy-legged Dick S—— up our way, and should like to know what to tell him he might count on if he come down next Sunday."

"Here, Bull!" shouted the widow, "sick him, Pomp!" but we cantered off, unwounded, fortunately, by the fangs of Bull and Pomp, who kept up the chase as long as they could hear the cheering voice of their mistress—"Si-c-k, Pomp, sick, sick, si-c-k si-c-k him, Bull—suboy! suboy! suboy!"—*N. Y. Spirit of the Times.*

Selected Articles.

MAN'S NATURE.

BY CHARLES DICKENS.

It might be worth while, sometimes, to inquire what Nature is, and how men work to change her, and whether, in the enforced distortions so produced, it is not natural to be unnatural. Coop any son or daughter of our mighty mother within narrow range, and bind the prisoner to one idea, and foster it by servile worship of it on the part of the few timid or designing people standing round, and what is Nature to the willing captive who has never risen up upon the wings of a free mind—drooping and useless soon—to see her in her comprehensive truth.

Alas! are there so few things in the world about us, most unnatural, and yet most natural in being so! Hear the magistrate or judge admonish the unnatural outcasts of society; unnatural in brutal habits, unnatural in want of decency, unnatural in losing and confounding all distinctions between good and evil; unnatural in ignorance, in vice, in recklessness, in contumacy, in mind, in looks, in everything. But follow the good clergyman or doctor, who, with his life imperilled at every breath he draws, goes down into their dens, lying within the echoes of our carriage wheels and daily treads upon the pavement stones. Look round upon the world of odious sights—millions of immortal creatures have no other world on earth—at the lightest mention of which humanity revolts, and dainty delicacy living in the next street, stops her ears, and lisps "I don't believe it!" Breathe the polluted air, foul with every impurity that is poisonous to health and life; and have every sense, conferred upon our race for its delight and happiness, offended, sickened and disgusted, and made a channel by which misery and death alone can enter. Vainly attempt to think of any simple plant, or flower, or wholesome weed, that, set in this fœtid bed, could have its natural growth, or put its little leaves forth to the sun as God designed it. And then, calling up some ghastly child, with stunted form and wicked face, hold forth on its unnatural sinfulness, and lament its being, so early, far away from Heaven—but think a little of its having been conceived, and born, and bred, in Hell!

Those who study the physical sciences, and bring them to bear upon the health of Man, tell us that if the noxious particles that rise from vitiated air, were palpable to the sight, we should see them lowering in a dense black cloud above such haunts, and rolling slowly on to corrupt the better portions of a town. But if the moral pestilence that rises with them, and, in the eternal laws of outraged Nature, is inseparable from them, could be made discernible, too, how terrible the revelation! Then should we see depravity, impiety, drunkenness, theft, murder, and a long train of nameless sins against the natural affections and repulsions of mankind, overhanging the devoted spots, and creeping on, to blight the innocent and spread contagion among the pure. Then should we see how the same poisoned fountains that flow into our hospitals and lazar-houses, inundate the jails, and make the convict-ships swim deep, and roll across the seas, and over-run vast continents with crime. Then should we stand appalled to know, that where we generate disease to strike our children down and entail itself on unborn generations, there also we breed, by the same certain process, infancy that knows no innocence, youth without modesty or shame, maturity that is mature in nothing but in suffering and guilt, blasted old age that is a scandal on the form we bear. Unnatural humanity! When we shall gather grapes from thorns, and figs from thistles; when fields of grain shall spring up from the offal in the byways of our wicked cities, and roses bloom in the fat churchyards that they cherish; then we may look for natural humanity, and find it growing from such seed.

Oh, for a good spirit who would take the house-tops off, with a more potent and benignant hand than the lame demon in the tale, and show a Christian people what dark shapes issue from amidst their homes, to swell the retinue of the Destroying Angel as he moves forth among them! For only one night's view of the pale phantoms rising from the scenes of our too-long neglect; and from the thick and sullen air where Vice and Fever propagate together, raining the tremendous social retributions which are ever pouring down, and ever coming thicker! Bright and blest the morning that should rise on such a night: for men, delayed no more by stumbling-blocks of their own making, which are but specks of dust upon the path between them and eternity, would then apply themselves, like creatures of one common origin, owning one duty to the Father of one family, and tending to one common end, to make the world a better place!

Not the less bright and blest would that day be for rousing some who never have looked out upon the world of human life around them, to a knowledge of their own relation to it, and for making acquainted with a perversion of nature in their own contracted sympathies and estimates; as great and yet as natural in its development when once begun, as the lowest degradation known.

ANTIDOTE TO POISONS.

Animal charcoal (freshly prepared ivory black) is an antidote to poisons, especially those belonging to the vegetable kingdom. Thus strychnia and nux vomica, and other poisons of this class, when taken mixed with charcoal are perfectly harmless provided the charcoal is administered in doses proportioned to the quantity of the poison. Three or four grains of strychnia are neutralized by 1½ or 2 ounces of charcoal. Even the effects of arsenic, are greatly diminished by a speedy administration of charcoal. Corrosive sublimate is more surely rendered inert by white of eggs.—Dogs, that have been poisoned by nux vomica, may possibly be cured by charcoal, though it is quite important that it should be administered early, and in large doses, not less than 1½ or 2 ounces. In the absence of animal charcoal administer only fine fresh charcoal from the fire place.—*New York Farmer.*

REBELLION RIPENING IN CANADA.

We have watched with much interest the growing discontent in Canada for the past year. Every thing betokens another political struggle at hand. Ever since the late rebellion, the seeds then sown have gradually germinated. The return of Mr. Papineau to Lower Canada has given fresh hopes of an ultimate release from thraldom. The attempted union of the French and Loyalists, after the armistice, was of a momentary character.

The movers in the plot now going on are the leading men of French origin in the Lower Province. Several of the most wealthy men in Quebec and Montreal are active and bold in their determination. An organization of an Association has been made, the headquarters being at the former city, for progress and reform in Canada. A copy of a secret circular has been discovered by the government, recommending auxiliary societies in every Parish, with the names of the officers to be forwarded to the Presidential Board at Quebec. The discovery has caused much uneasiness with the crown party.

The discriminating duties that have for a long time favored the Provinces under the British tariff are now done away in a great measure by Peel's new bill. This has excited the ire of many of the English merchants of Montreal and Quebec, and caused them to reflect in favor of a union with the States. This party have established a periodical called the *Economist*. It is filled with complaints against the mother country for neglecting them in their commerce. They have demanded of Great Britain the management of their Post Office Department, which has recently been acceded to.—They have been vociferous in their requests for a free navigation of the St. Lawrence, in order to cope with the Americans for a share of the western trade. This question as yet is unsettled, although urged upon the Crown. They have petitioned to be allowed to regulate their internal affairs in several respects, the most important of which is, the right to make their own tariff of duties, without discriminating in favor of English manufactures or British bottoms for freighting. As yet it has not been fully conceded. Another bone of contention is that they are compelled to pay an *imperial* duty for all imports from the States, in addition to the Canadian duty. The *imperial* portion they desire repealed.

The Montreal Gazette, and other leading loyal papers, are assuming a bold ground. The Gazette says:—"*Our natural tendencies, that is, those of the British and pro-British inhabitants of this Colony, are all to the New England States.*"

An election for Parliament is now in progress, and conducted with great spirit. *Reform* candidates are up in almost every district—even where there is the least hope—in Upper Canada. The object is a thorough organization of the party. Mr. Papineau has issued an address to the people of six columns, setting forth their grievances. Like O'Connell in his Irish proceedings, he is for *Reform* and *Progress* in a lawful manner, and discourages overt acts, in order that the government can take no advantages of the move. He says the Union of the Provinces is a failure, accomplished to keep down the French populace, and re-agitates all the measures that were raised when he was obliged to become a fugitive. He is for a Legislative Council, to be elective; espouses Republicanism, and desires a dissolution of the Union. The royal party denounce him as a Robespierre and Marat, ready to wade in English blood.

Mr. Papineau is a believer in the omnipotent and infallible right of the many. "I have found," he says, "a protecting asylum in the time of storm in the classic land of liberty, the happy country which is your neighbor, the glorious and powerful confederation of the United States, and then in the hospitable, polite and learned land from whence our ancestors came, 'la belle France,' the instructors for ages of the nations of Europe, who would advance in the roads of liberty and progress, and in the highest civilization."

He lectures at large on the advantages of a republican government, and the mischief and disadvantage of English connection. He desires a lower Canadian Republic.

He thus concludes:

"Oh, would that those who have the misfortune to be indifferent to the general principle (*l'enseignement general*—Republicanism,) would give themselves the pleasure to make a journey into the United States, and there they would see how generally the farmers there excel, in comfort, those of Canada; how, from the very worst farms, they reap more than we do from the very best; how the very poorest sell for ten times the price the very richest of ours; and they will meet with the uniform answer,—We owe all these good things to our good government and our good schools."

The election has taken place at Quebec, and two reform members returned instead of two conservatives.

Sir Robert Peel lately affirmed in a speech that Canada was of but little use to England. Lord Sydenham, in his correspondence, has said the same thing. If they will force themselves upon us we certainly shall not object to the 222,700,000 acres which they contain.—*Rochester Daily American.*

FROM YOUNG AMERICA.

THE UNSOLD LANDS.

BY DUGANNE.

The United States claim to own more than 1,000,000,000 acres of unsettled lands.—*Senate Doc. 466 28th Congress, 1st Session.*

A billion of acres of unsold land
Are lying in grievous dearth,
And millions of men in the image of God
Are starving all over the earth!
Oh! tell me, ye sons of America,
How much men's souls are worth!

Ten hundred millions of acres good,
That never knew spade nor plough—
And a million of souls in our goodly land,
Are pining in want, I trow;
And orphans are crying for bread this day,
And widows in misery bow!

To whom do these acres of land belong?
And why do they thriftless lie?
And why is the widow's lament unheard?
And stifled the orphan's cry?
And why are the poorhouse and prison full—
And the gallows tree built high?

Those millions of acres belong to Man,
And his claim is,—that he NEEDS!
And his title is signed by the hand of God—
Our God, who the raven feeds;
And the starving soul of each famished man
At the throne of justice pleads!

Ye may not heed it, ye haughty men,
Whose hearts as rocks are cold—
But the time *shall* come when the fiat of God
In thunder shall be told!
For the voice of the great I AM hath said
That the "land shall not be sold."

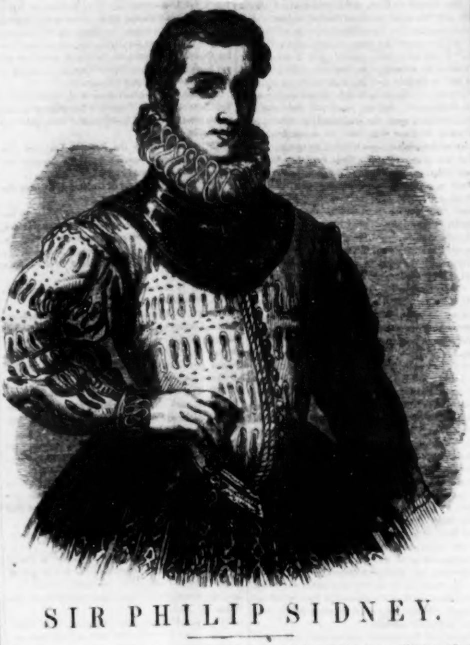
Western Exchange. Philada., Dec. 13, '47.

THIRTY THOUSAND POUND NOTE.

An extraordinary affair happened about the year 1840. One of the Directors of the Bank of England, a very rich man, had occasion for £30,000, which he was to pay as the price of an estate he had just bought. To facilitate the matter he carried the sum with him to the Bank and obtained for it a bank note. On his return home, he was suddenly called out upon particular business; he threw the note carelessly on the chimney, but when he came back a few minutes afterwards to lock it up, it was not to be found. No one had entered the room; he could not, therefore, suspect any person. At last, after much ineffectual search he was persuaded that it had fallen from the chimney into the fire. The Director went to acquaint his colleagues with the misfortune that had happened to him; and as he was known to be a perfectly honorable man, he was readily believed. It was only about four-and-twenty hours from the time that he had deposited his money; they thought therefore, it would be hard to refuse his request for a second bill. He received it upon giving an obligation to restore the first bill, if it ever should be found, or pay the money himself if it should be presented by any stranger.

About thirty years afterwards (the Director having been dead and his heirs in possession of his fortune,) an unknown person presented the lost bill at the Bank, and demanded payment. It was in vain that they mentioned to this person the transaction by which the bill was annulled; he would not listen to it; he maintained that it had come to him from abroad, and insisted upon immediate payment. The note was payable to bearer; and the thirty thousand pounds were paid him. The heirs of the Director would not listen to any demands of restitution, and the Bank was obliged to sustain the loss. It was discovered afterwards that an architect having purchased the Director's house, had taken it down, in order to build another upon the same spot, had found the note in a crevice of the chimney, and made his discovery an engine for robbing the Bank.—*Francis' History of Bank of England.*

Our Portrait Gallery.



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

The above engraving will be interesting to our readers, not only as the portrait of one of the most generous and noble men that ever lived, but also as affording an insight into the dress of a gentleman in the 16th century.

Sidney was regarded by his contemporaries as not only a highly accomplished scholar, and a gallant and most true hearted man, but also a great statesman and soldier, and, with scarcely an exception, the greatest of living poets. He was born in 1554—his father, Sir Henry Sidney being described as a man "of excellent natural wit, large heart and sweet conversation."

Our readers will remember the famous anecdote told of Sidney at the battle of Zutphen, where he lost his life. Whilst being carried through the camp fatally wounded, feeling thirsty with excess of bleeding, he called for drink; which was brought to him. At this moment a soldier still more dangerously hurt, and who, as Lord Brooke observes, "had eaten his last at this same feast," was borne by, and was observed by Sidney to fix his ghastly and imploring looks upon him. He immediately handed the bottle to the poor soldier, saying simply, "Thy necessity is greater than mine." It is painful to know that but for a chivalric imprudence Sidney's wound might have been averted. He had fully armed himself according to the custom of the time, but seeing the marshal of the camp comparatively defenceless, he threw off his own cuisses, and thus opened a free passage for his mortal wound. "Nothing in life, however, became him like the leaving of it."

Sidney's death occurred at the age of 32, and nothing gives so high an idea of his heroic and generous character, than the fact that he was able at so early an age, to have made so strong an impression upon his contemporaries. The national grief at his death was extraordinary, the whole kingdom went into mourning.

THE BACHELOR'S COMPLAINT.

An unfortunate individual laments his solitary state in the following stanzas, the concluding one of which indicates that we may still have hopes of him:—

Returning home at close of day,
Who gently chides my long delay,
And by my side delights to stay?
Nobody.

Who sets for me the easy chair,
Sets out the room with neatest care,
And lays my slippers ready there?
Nobody.

Who regulates the cheerful fire,
And piles the blazing fuel higher,
And bids me draw my chair still nigher?
Nobody.

When plunged in dire and deep distress,
And anxious cares my heart oppress,
Who whispers hopes of happiness?
Nobody.

When anxious thoughts within me rise,
And in dismay my spirit dies,
Who soothes me by her kind replies?
Nobody.

When sickness racks my feeble frame
And grief distracts my fever'd brain,
Who sympathises with my pain?
Nobody.

Then I'll resolve, so help me Fate,
To change at once the single state,
And will to Hymen's altar take—
Somebody.

Fun and Frolic.

HOW PAT TAUGHT HIS BROTHER SOLDIER SPANISH.

"Now you see, my honey, this spaking Spanish is jist the aisiest thing intirely, especially if you have a good knowledge of your own mother's tongue. Ye see, yer only to stick an O to the tail of each word an O, to make the illiganteest Spanish in the world. Fait, it bothered meself, ontil I got to know the like, and now I've no throuble at all at all. Now just step in here wid me, and see how aisy it is."

Stepping into a hat shop, Pat gave the attendant the regular military salute—"My sarvice to yer honor."

"Buenos dias, senor," replied the shopman.

"Have you any hattos?" inquired Pat.

"No entiendo, senor," was the answer.

"Divil a bit does the man understand his own tongue—I say, hablas Espagnol?"

"Si, senor."

"Will, thin, have you any hattos?"

"No, entiendo Inglis, senor."

"Ah, you don't understand English, is it? Oh, the poor ignorant crathur, I must try him again. I say, misther, hablas Espagnol?"

"Si, senor."

"Si and be blamed till ye. Have ye any of these hattos?" and taking off his weather-beaten palm leaf, shook it in the face of the Mexican.

"Ah, si, senor—sombrero!"

"I ax your pardon—sombrero, is it? It's me that didn't understand my own mither's tongue the more shame till me!"

A SPEECH TO ROYALTY.

At the time James II. was making his tour through England to receive the homage of his subjects, the mayor and corporation of a small town, through which he passed, were deputed to compliment him on his arrival. As the mayor was noted for a most impenetrable thickness of the skull, the recorder undertook to prompt him in his speech.

When they arrived in the royal presence, the recorder, observing the bashful and sheepish appearance of his lordship, whispered to him:

"Hold up your head; look like a man."

The unfortunate mayor, half dead with fear, supposed this to be the beginning of his speech, and bawled out to his majesty:

"Hold up your head—look like a man!"

The recorder immediately rejoined:

"What do you mean?—as I live you will ruin us all."

"What do you mean?—as I live you will ruin us all!" repeated the official speechifier.

"Oh! you stupid blockhead—I wish you had never come here," said the terrified and irritated prompter.

The mayor, as in duty bound, immediately echoed to the amazed monarch:

"Oh! you stupid blockhead—I wish you had never come here!"

The recorder instantly took to his heels, followed by the luckless mayor, leaving the king and his courtiers in a convulsion of laughter.

NOVEL WAY OF CHURNING.—We cut the following from an exchange paper:

"Sarah, dear," said a waggish husband to his wife, "if I were in your place, I wouldn't keep that babe so full of butter as you do."

"Butter, my dear! I never give it any butter."

"No, but you poured about a quart of milk down it this afternoon, and then trotted it on the knee for nearly two hours. If it doesn't contain a quantity of butter by this time, it isn't for want of churning."

MRS. PARTINGTON.—"You call this a carryvan, don't you?" said Mrs. Partington at the menagerie. "Maybe it is; but I should like to know where the silks and other costive things are that we read of, which the carryvans carry over the great deserts of Sarah, in the eastern country?"

"The elephant has them in his trunk, marm," replied the keeper.

"Then that's the reason, I s'pose, why he always carries it before him, so he can have an eye on it."

THE GIRLS.—Not long since a marriage was to be celebrated in the village church. The minister, after making a very eloquent and touching discourse on the duties and rights of those who were about to be united, suddenly exclaimed: "Those who wish to be married will please rise!" and immediately after, shot up above the seated multitude the heads, handsome and *otherwise* of a crowd of young girls, who had understood the remark which was addressed to the contracting parties as a general invitation to all who were desirous to leave the selfish state of single blessedness.

FASHION VS. FEELING.—A little girl, hearing her mother say that she was going into half mourning inquired, "Are any of our folks *half dead*?"

Science and Art.

IMPORTANT INVENTION.

Files, though in common use and apparently of easy manufacture, have until recently been made by hand. Three-fourths of the files made in the world are made in Sheffield, England. Germany makes a few, but of inferior workmanship and steel. France is dependent upon England for files. They have been made by chisel and mallet, used in the same way as by a sculptor. Machinery can accomplish the cutting, but left the edges too smooth to be of any more use than the worn-out English file. Machinery is now in operation at the Ballard Vale machine shop at Andover, which succeeds in giving the rough edge of the teeth, and will make a material reduction in the price of an article found to be indispensably requisite in the shop of every mechanic.

The piece of steel to be cut is placed in a socket, and then carried gradually under a sort of hammer chisel, which moves with a motion similar to that of a toggle joint reversed, and which not only cuts the teeth, but at the same time turns up the edges so as to make them rough, like the teeth of the best English files. The apparatus is very simple, and shows that Yankee ingenuity can overcome almost all obstacles.

EFFECT OF WATER ON LEAD CISTERNS, PIPES, &c.—Perhaps one of the most remarkable of those conclusions to which recent chemical authorities have come is this, that the purest of all water, even were it distilled, is the most likely to act on lead, and thus become contaminated with poisonous matter. This fact affords a remarkable instance of the power of distilled water, in even a close cistern, to corrode lead, while no such power was possessed by the same water undistilled, and even containing carbonic acid, if any really did also exist in the water distilled from it, or at all events impregnated with what Christison has found to be preservatives against corrosion, when allowed to act slowly and quietly—viz., neutral salts, such as sulphates of lime or magnesia.—*The Builder.*

For Housekeepers.

DOMESTIC ECONOMY, RECIPES, &C.

PRESERVING GRAPES IN WINTER.—W. Williams, near New York city, describes, in the Horticulturist, two modes of preserving Isabella and Catawba grapes: the first for early winter use; the second for late winter and spring—he has kept them quite sound till April.

The first mode consists simply of depositing the grapes in single layers, on shelves with light wooden lattice bottoms, arranged within his ice-house.

The second is packing them in boxes, which are of rather small size, (about one peck each,) such as may be opened once a week, as wanted for use. As these are for longer keeping, the grapes are gathered, before fully ripe, on a dry windy day, and packed away perfectly dry. They are lined first with paper, and then with cotton, and cotton is placed between every layer of grapes till the box is full. They are then covered with cotton, and the cover fastened down with nails or otherwise. It is found that decay takes place slower when the air is not entirely excluded.

CURING BEEF.—By most of the modes now in use, the beef becomes too much impregnated with salt, and is not as a consequence so fine for eating. By the following process this difficulty is prevented, and the beef will keep till the following summer: To eight gallons of water, add two lbs. of brown sugar, one quart of molasses, four oz. of nitre, and fine salt till it will float an egg. This is enough for two common quarters of beef. It has been repeatedly tried and found very fine; a famous beef eater says it is the only good way.

TO EXTINGUISH CHIMNEYS ON FIRE.—"First shut the doors and windows of the room containing the fire; stop up the flue of the chimney with a piece of wet carpet or blanket; and then throw a little water or common salt on the fire. By this means the draught of the chimney will be checked, and the burning soot will soon be extinguished for want of air. Let this be remembered by the reader."

FATTENING POULTRY.—An excellent way is to boil potatoes, and mash them fine, then add meal, and [illegible] to them. It is asserted that turkeys, geese, and other fowls, will thus fatten in one half the time usually required when they are fed on grain alone.

AGE OF POULTRY.—Those who purchase poultry will observe, that if a hen's spur is *hard*, and the scales on the legs rough, she is old. If the head is on, the comb will be thick and rough, and the under bill stiff, and hard to bend down. A young hen has only rudiments of spurs, scales on the legs smooth, and fresh, claws tender and short, under bill short, comb thin and smooth. The same remarks, as to the legs, apply in part to turkeys and to geese.

WATER-PROOF GLUE.—Render glue perfectly soft, but not liquid, in cold water; then dissolve it by gentle heat, in linseed oil. It dries almost immediately, and water will not affect it.—*Albany Cultivator.*

The Riddler.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The sum of 4 numbers in geometrical progression is 15, and the sum of their squares is 85. What are the numbers? J. O.

CHARADES.

1.

My first rolls rapidly along
And roars once in a while,
My second loves to be at home,
And seek the kiss and smile.
My whole tho' useful in its way,
Is trodden on the live long day.

2.

My first is what the toper likes,
Both for himself and glass;
My last is what the fancy strikes
Of exquisite and lass.

My whole has given to the sea,
And to the travelling wight
The means to journey speedily,
His course to expedite.

RIDDLES.

1.

I have a chest that's square and broad,
My mouth is open wide,
My ivory teeth can strike a chord
That rolls harmonious tide.

And here the graceful Julia sits,
To win the muse's wreath,
And with her taper fingers hits
My loose and yielding teeth.

2.

Some spout water, I spout fire
Engines play high, I play higher,
Down my sides a running stream
Sparkles like a sunny beam.

Clear the road—I come amain,
Whelming all the smoking plain,
Tall trees bend and houses crash,
Mortals perish in a flash.

REBUS.

My first, at first, would not believe,
My second did Siberia leave
To get a pardon for her sire,
My third first made the church a spire,
My fourth was once a gallant chief,
My fifth brought Irish folks relief,
My sixth has very little motion
My seventh is a Yankee notion,
My eighth hath many a leech and potion
My whole was seen in many a strife
With tomahawk and scalping-knife,
A mighty chief who bravely fought
For scalps which British agents bought.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why are two men fighting a duel with swords like a garden railing?
Ans.—Because they're fencing.

☞ Why is swearing like an old coat?
Ans.—Because it is a bad habit.

☞ What is that which a coach cannot move without, and yet is not of the least use to it?
Ans.—Noise.

☞ Why are fixed stars like pens, ink and paper?
Ans.—Because they are stationary, (stationery.)

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.
MAJOR GENL. ISRAEL PUTNAM.

REBUS.
Thames, Alps, Yale, Lucifer, Oil, Rey
TAYLOR.

ENIGMA.
CAMPBELL.

RIDDLES.
HEART.
VIOLIN.

The Olio.

STREET SMOKING.

"I knew by the smoke that so lazily curled
From his lips 'twas a *loafer* I happened to meet,
And I said 'if a nuisance there be in the world
'Tis smoking a cigar in a frequented street.'
'Twas night, and the ladies were gliding around,
And in many an eye shone the glittering tear,
But the loafer puffed on, and I heard not a sound,
Save the short hacking cough of each smoke smitten dear."

THE MINES OF MEXICO.

A very common error exists in this country, as regards the mines in Mexico. The usual impression is, that because the produce is in actual gold and silver, the result must be enormously profitable, and that when fifteen or twenty millions of dollars are thus dug out of the earth, it is, as it were, that much clear profit.

So far from this being the case the gold and silver mines of Mexico do not yield, on an average, as much profit on the capital, labor, and expenses, as a lead or iron mine, and we venture the assertion, that there is actually more profit in hard dollars, from the coal mines of the United States, than on all the precious metals annually produced in Mexico. Hundreds of gigantic fortunes have been sunk, and thousands of individuals ruined, in working the mines of Mexico. The amount of capital employed is very great; the cost of repairs of machinery, the superintendence, labor, materials, the various heavy and unavoidable expenses, are all excessively heavy, and many mines that are now worked, are losing money—others yielding but small, and very few of them, large profits to the proprietors.

We have heard it estimated, that the mere cost of quicksilver, necessary for extracting the silver from the ore, is equal to, from one-fourth to one-third of the produce of the mines.—*New Orleans Bulletin.*

SENSITIVE YOUNG LADY.

A young lady, endowed with the most delicate nerves, mentioned one evening, to a few friends assembled in her drawing room, that she had a horror of the rose.

"The perfume of this flower," said she, "gives me the vertigo."

The conversation was interrupted by the visit of a fair friend, who was going to a ball, and wore a rose-bud in her head-dress. Our fair heroine turned pale directly, tossed her arms, and fell gracefully in a syncope upon the ottoman.

"What a strange nervous susceptibility. What a delicate and impressible organization!" cried the spectators.

"For Heaven's sake, madam, go away! Don't you see that you have caused this spasm?"

"I?" replied the astonished lady.

"Yes, of course, it is the perfume of the rose-bud in your hair."

"Really, if it is so, I will sacrifice the guilty flower—but judge before you sentence."

The flower, detached from the head-dress, was passed from hand to hand among the spectators, but their solicitude soon gave way to a different emotion. *The fatal rose-bud was an artificial one.*—*Blackwood.*

THE HOE AND THE SLATE.—As I was riding in the stage, looking to see what could be seen, as all passengers do, my eye was attracted by a lad bearing on his shoulder a bright new hoe with a handle attached to it, and on his hoe handle there was suspended a slate. "Noble representative of a Northern laborer!" I exclaimed.—"March on, brave boy! march on! Keep thy grasp on both the hoe and slate, and thy country will be grateful for the day that gave thee birth. Let manual labor and intellectual effort go hand in hand, and, heeding the God of our fathers, we are safe."—*Evangelist.*

GLUTTONY AND MODERATION.—The quantity of food consumed by some insects is truly wonderful. Caterpillars will devour more than twice their own weight in a day. Some larvæ that live on flesh will in the course of a day increase two hundred times in weight. On the other hand, many are extremely abstemious. A mite will live three months, though glued down to a piece of glass. Spiders will live a year without food. Mr. Baker kept a beetle three years in that condition. They eat everything but metals and stones.

DEATH.

BY F. B.

A fettered spirit dreading to be free!
Sight passing strange! a soul that hugs its chains,
And hates to quit earth's trammelings, and its pains,
And loves the cloud that wraps in mystery
All that is worth the knowing. Can it be,
Since through death only life supremely reigns,
That man, who here enormously complains,
Dreads to cast off his dull mortality?
Death openeth life! and yet he fears to die.
What! would the prisoner seeing from afar
The dim light glimmering through his prison bar,
Not turn upon it a much longing eye?
And with the gates wide open would he say,
I love this gloom, and will not come away?

Agricultural.

BREAKING ROADS.

"Breaking Roads" in snow, is a business which the farmers of the northern section of the country are frequently obliged to perform. Were it not that this work is generally performed as a frolic, in which the whole neighborhood engage, it would be regarded as very laborious and a great burden. Formerly it was the practice to shovel a track through the deep drifts, and the travelled road was sometimes several feet lower than the snow on each side. But the objection to this was that the first snow storm or high wind filled up the road, and rendered it impassable till it was again dug out. The best course is found to be to avoid digging down as much as possible. Some narrow and deep drifts must be dug through to keep the road level, but the principal track is made by *pressing down* the snow. A couple of heavy timbers—round logs are best—are fastened together and held by a cross-bar, so as to represent the form of an A. They should be twelve to fifteen feet long each, and be spread at one end to the width of ten feet. A plank may be fastened, edgewise, along the top of each log, which will prevent the snow from falling over and filling the track as the timbers are dragged along. The concentrated strength of all the oxen and steers that can be brought together is to be applied to these timbers, which are to be drawn over the snow to form a road. Oxen are better than horses for this purpose, and will work through deep snow where horses would stick fast. Rather light cattle, if handy, should be put forward, and the snow should not be shovelled except in narrow drifts, as before mentioned. Twice passing with the timbers will make a smooth, hard road. It is customary, in passing the second time, to lay additional weight on the timbers, in order to compress the snow as much as possible. The advantage of this plan is, that by pressing down the snow, instead of digging it out, the travelled part of the road remains so full that the snow does not drift on it—in fact, it is sometimes higher than the general surface, because the snow is so hard in the road that it is not blown away, while that which has not been trodden is frequently taken off by wind. It is sometimes difficult to break through a deep snow, and it is best for men to walk along in front of the team, and prepare the way by making their tracks in the right places, levelling the deepest drifts, &c. After a good road has once been made, it is but little trouble to keep it so for the remainder of the season, or till the snow goes off.—*Albany Cultivator.*

FRESH VS. DECAYED MANURE.

M. Kœrte, Professor at the Royal Academy of Agriculture, at Moglin, in Prussia, made, some years ago, a series of experiments, to ascertain whether it is more economical to use fresh or decayed manure, regard being had to the relative proportion of each. I subjoin the principal results of his experiments.

1. Manure exposed to the influence of the atmosphere, in heaps or layers, continually loses its fertilizing principles, and its bulk diminishes in a corresponding proportion. A hundred loads of fresh dung are reduced, at the end of 81 days to 73.3 of its first bulk, or loss of 26.7; 254 days, to 64.4 of its first bulk, or loss of 35.7; 361 days, to 62.5 of its first bulk, or loss of 37.5; 493 days, to 47.2 of its first bulk, or loss of 52.8.

2. The loss was much more considerable in a certain time, at the commencement of its decay, than at after periods of this change, as Gazzeri had previously ascertained.

3. Less loss is sustained when manure is spread in layers on the land, and well pressed, than when in small heaps; so that it is advantageous to spread it in layers on the land, and roll it when it cannot be immediately ploughed into the soil.

4. Although it is impossible to state exactly the loss of bulk of manure when allowed to lie for a long time in the heap, we shall not be far wrong in stating that in common circumstances it is at least one-fourth of the whole; so that 100 cart-loads are reduced to 75. M. Kœrte concludes from his investigations, both on a small and large scale, that it is more advantageous to carry the manure at once, in its fresh state, to the land (and this is more particularly the case with sheep dung,) than to wait until it has decayed; and this rule should be invariably followed, taking, at the same time, into consideration the nature of the land.—*Pharmaceutical Times.*

NEST EGGS.

To those who keep hens, and desire eggs in Winter, a good nest egg is important. The qualities of a good nest egg are, a tolerable resemblance to a real egg—for a close resemblance is not important; hens having adopted an old law maxim, *de minimis lex non curat*—or about minute matters the law don't care—and weight equal to or greater than that of real egg. A hen will not lay to an egg shell, however perfect it may be, for she knows by its want of weight that it is counterfeit.

A good nest egg is made of solid hickory wood turned to the right shape. But every one has not a lathe, and such eggs are not always to be had. Another nest egg which may be made by any body, any where, was lately described to us by Mr. D. Lathrop, of Lasalle, a gentleman who keeps 100 hens, and is very apt to find out the best mode of doing any particular thing.

The eggs are made of *clay*, formed to the right shape, in the hands. After being dried, they are whitewashed—when they are ready for use.—The matter is so simple, that it only requires to be thought of, to be available. These eggs answer the purpose perfectly—the hens accepting them as fully as those of their own make.—*Prairie Farmer.*

BLOATED CATTLE.

A friend of ours, who, by the way, is a person of much observation, and who, withal, has had considerable experience lately in the management of neat cattle, informs us that last August he noticed one of his young cattle much bloated, evidently in great agony, and groaning loudly at every breath. His first movement was to cut off a small portion of her tail. He then administered a strong dose of thoroughwort, with a small quantity of tansey, which immediately started the wind; a second bottle was then poured down, and the animal turned into the yard, and driven briskly about for a few minutes, when the bloat wholly disappeared, and the animal was in a short time as well and hearty as ever. This is a very simple remedy, and we have frequently heard others assert, generally if not always, an efficient one.—*Maine Farmer.*

DRAUGHT IN PLOUGHING.—A correspondent of the Farmer's Cabinet, very justly observes that farmers often commit a great error, in shortening the draught too much under the supposition that they lighten the exertion of the team. They may do so, with a cart or sled, the load being in part transferred to the horse's backs. But in ploughing, "the plough must be *set* so as to *swim*, without any tendency to rise or sink;" this important object being attained, the length of chain is immaterial.

PARING APPLES.—The New York Farmer and Mechanic says that an improved machine for paring apples has been patented by Bullock & Benson, of New York, which will "perfectly take off the skin of an apple, in the neatest manner, in about one second, and continue to work at this rate as fast as the apples can be taken off and put on. It is quite simple in construction. The price two and a half to three dollars."

SALTING MEAT.—The American Agriculturist says:—"The sooner meat is salted after being killed the better, as it then possesses considerable absorbent power which it gradually loses."

The Cincinnati meat curers who are famous for their splendid hams, and fine pork and bacon say meat should not be salted until it cools—until all the animal heat has evaporated. Which is right? Cincinnati, of course.

MORE PROOFS.
"THE CRY IS STILL, THEY COME!"

WRIGHT'S INDIAN Vegetable PILLS

EVERY MAIL BRINGS TIDINGS OF THEIR SUCCESS. From the East to the remotest West—from Canada on the North and Mexico and West Indies on the South—all are unanimous in their praise. Of a medicine so universally known and esteemed as WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, it is hardly necessary to speak in detail. At no period of its history has the reputation of the medicine stood higher, and we may say that no reputation is likely to be more enduring. Adequate to all constitutions—to every form of disease, and to all climates, WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS, are above every other medicine, fitted for the use of man under whatever circumstances he may be placed—at sea or on land, at home or abroad, in summer's heat and winter's cold, with a common regard to the conditions of health, and with WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS at hand, there is no excuse for being sick, unless the constitution be utterly irreclaimable.

Lockport, Nov. 1st, 1847.
Dr. Wm. Wright—Dear Sir:—For the last six years I have had the agency for the sale of your "Indian Vegetable Pills" at this place, and have sold unusually large quantities by the dozen, and at retail. They have in every instance given entire satisfaction, many families in this section keep them on hand, and consider them invaluable as a family medicine. There is no medicine sold here that can be so universally recommended as Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. Very truly yours,
O. C. WRIGHT.

The following is from one of the most respectable firms in the city of Buffalo:
Buffalo, Oct. 27, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—It is with much pleasure we inform you of the success of your celebrated Indian Vegetable Pills, in the city of Buffalo and vicinity.
In cases of heavy colds, and in Fevers (as well as in other cases,) the Pills have worked wonders.—Whenever we have sold them to families, there has not been an instance where they have not adopted them as their regular Family Medicine, in preference to all others. In haste, very truly yours,
WATTLES & HAMLIN,
198 Main Street, Buffalo.

The following quaint sort of an epistle tells its own story in more respects than one:
Aurora, Erie Co., N. Y., Oct. 2, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—While residing in Lockport, Niagara County, New York, some years since, I was advised by your agent, Mr. O. C. Wright, to try a box of your wonderful Indian Vegetable Pills, since which time I have used them in my family with great success, for FEVER and AGUE, Indigestion, Pain in the Side, and Sick Headache, arising from a bilious state of the stomach. It is now one year since I became your agent in this place, and if it is your wish I can forward you certificates from our most respectable citizens of the value of your Pills as a regular family medicine.
Respectfully yours, &c., N. CARR, Jr.,
Dealers in Dry Goods, Groceries, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Hardware, Iron and Steel, Nails, Farming Tools, Grocery and Glassware, Mammoth cheap store, Aurora, New York.

(From Pendleton, Niagara County, New York.)
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—I have been agent for the sale of your valuable Indian Vegetable Pills, for the last five years, and I have yet to hear of the first complaint from their use. On the contrary, they are universally spoken of as a most valuable family medicine, and, from a personal use of them, I know them to be good, and cheerfully recommend them to the public. Yours, &c.,
GEORGE KELSEY.

Here is another of the same sort, only a little shorter:—
Somerset, Niagara Co., N. Y., Oct. 29, 1847.
I do hereby certify that I have sold Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills for the last year, and that in EVERY instance they have given entire satisfaction to the purchaser. Respectfully,
FRANCIS O. PRATT.

Extract of a letter, from Clarence, Erie County, New York, Oct. 22, 1847.
* * "As a medicine for the ordinary complaints of life, and for regulating the system, I believe Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills to be unequalled by any other medicine. Whenever a trial has been made of them, the result has invariably been successful. I have known them to be used, in Colds, Chills, Night Sweats, Disordered Stomach, &c., with signal benefit, and cheerfully recommend them to all as a most valuable medicine." J. B. BAILEY.

Cheektowaga, N. Y., Oct. 31, 1847.
* * "I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills in my family during the last two years for various complaints, such as heavy colds, fevers, head ache, summer complaint, and also with success in toothache. In all the above cases WRIGHT'S INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS fully sustained their recommendations, and are a medicine which I would not willingly exchange for any other with which I have any acquaintance.
Yours, J. B. CAMPBELL.

STILL THEY COME! Here is another of the same sort. Testimony so unanimous and so universal was never before given in favor of any thing or any man that ever existed.
Williamsville, Erie County, New York, October 21, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—It is with pleasure we bear testimony to the virtue and efficacy of your celebrated INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS. As a medicine for cleansing and regulating the system, we consider them unrivalled in this section of the country. They are now all the go in this vicinity. We sell more of them than all other preparations combined.
Very respectfully, yours, &c.
E. & H. HERR.

From Pembroke, Genesee Co., N. Y.
"Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are, in our estimation, a good article, the best in use, and always give the best of satisfaction to the many persons that use them in this vicinity. We have as yet got to hear of the first complaint against them. We sell more of them than any other kind, and take pleasure in recommending them to the public.
Very respectfully, &c.,
"HARROWS & TOMLINSON."

MORE OF THEM!
Batavia, Genesee County, New York, November 5, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—Having used your Indian Vegetable Pills in my family for the last year, I would cheerfully recommend them to the public as a safe and efficient medicine for the bilious and dyspeptic complaints, and for all cases of general debility.
Yours, truly, L. F. FENTON.

From Eagle Harbor, Orleans Co., N. Y.
* * * "Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills are all the go with us. No medicine ever sold by us has given such general satisfaction; and we are convinced that a trial of them is only necessary to satisfy the most incredulous of their value.
"WALTERS & DELANO."

Stafford, Genesee Co., N. Y., November 5, 1847.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—I have used your Indian Vegetable Pills in my family for the last five or six years, for various complaints, such as indigestion, colds, &c. I have known them to cure Fever and Ague!!
Respectfully, J. B. DELAMATER.

From Jamestown, New York.
Dr. W. Wright—Dear Sir:—An agent of yours left with us some of your Indian Vegetable Pills, to sell on commission. "The supply has been sold." The demand is constantly increasing. Indeed, I think no Pill introduced into this section equals yours in giving satisfaction to the purchasers.
Your obedient servant, S. W. PARKS & CO.

Extract of a Letter from Hernando, Miss.
To Dr. W. Wright—Your Pills have given universal satisfaction, and are justly very popular. I can sell from 30 to 40 dozen annually, if I could be supplied. Yours,
WM. HENRY [illegible]
It ought here to be remarked, that the medicine has been but recently introduced into Mississippi.

Extract of a Letter from Jersey Shore, Penn.
"Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills excel every thing of the kind ever offered to the public in this section of the country, notwithstanding the combined efforts of some few unprincipled mercenaries to put them down."
"S. WILKINSON & BRO."

From New Martinsville, Virginia.
"I have used Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills in my family, and found them to be the best medicine I ever used. I wish to become an agent for the sale of them in this place. JAMES McCAFFREY, P. M."

From Greensborough, Indiana.
"Some time since, thy agent left with me six dozen of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills to sell. They were soon all gone, and more wanting. There is much call for them.
* * * "I believe the Pills are very good.
"SETH HINSHAW."

From Amanda, Ohio.
"Apprehending that I shall be out of your valuable Indian Vegetable Pills before your agent will go through this region to supply me, I beg you to forward me a quantity, in some way or other.
"The Pills are doing here admirably well, in spite of the opposition of some would be doctors, who have exerted their influence to prevent people from buying them, and if I have a continual supply I shall be able to sell many of them.
Yours, JOHN H. SANDERSON."

Such are a few of the statements voluntarily made by men of the first respectability—men who are known, and whose opportunities for observation are not excelled by any in the land.

GENERAL DEBILITY.
From Warwarsing, N. Y.
Dear Sir,—I have been afflicted for several years with inward weakness and general debility, accompanied at times with pain in the side, and other distressing complaints. After having tried various medicines without effect, I was persuaded by a friend to make a trial of Dr. Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, which I am happy to state have relieved me in a most wonderful manner. I have used the medicine as yet but a short time, and have no doubt, by a perseverance in the use of the medicine according to directions, that I shall in a short time be perfectly restored. I most willingly recommend said Pills to all persons similarly afflicted, and in the full belief that the same beneficial results will follow their use. I remain, yours sincerely, HENRY A. FOOTE.

BEWARE OF COUNTERFEITS AND IMITATIONS!
Remember, that the original and only genuine INDIAN VEGETABLE PILLS have the written signature of WILLIAM WRIGHT on the top label of each box.

☞ Offices devoted exclusively to the sale of Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills, wholesale and retail, 169 Race street, Philadelphia; 288 Greenwich street, New York and 198 Tremont street, Boston.